OLD

The

Vol. CLIII. No. 1988.

London August 2, 1939



TATLER

What's old, wellow & Frish?

JOHN JAMESON

*** WHISKEY

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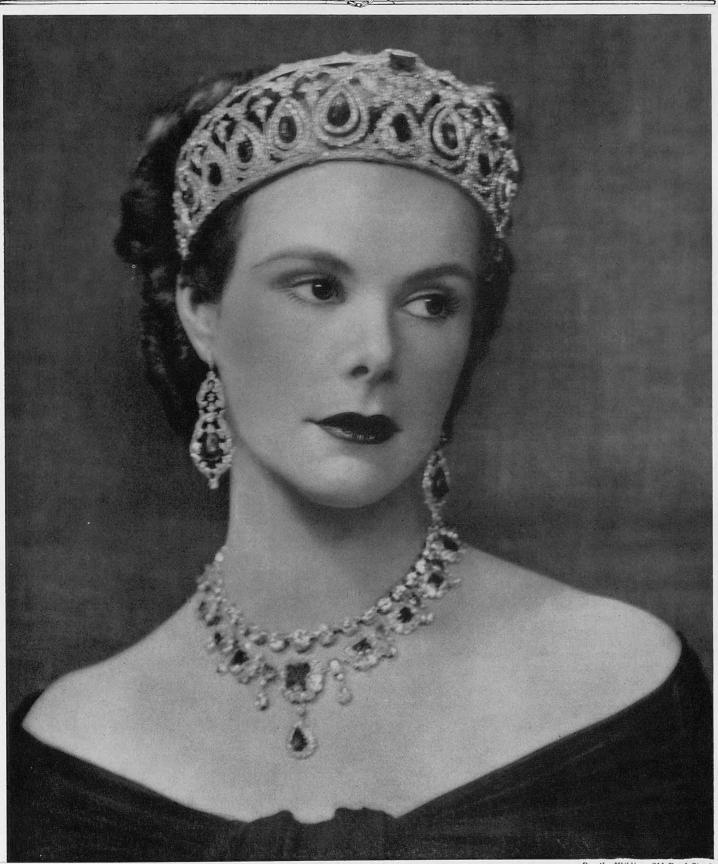
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THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE

Mr. Oliver Messel's very attractive sister has been Lady Rosse since 1935. She and her husband spend a good part of the year at his Irish place, Birr Castle, where Horse Show and other parties are done very proud indeed. In London, Eaton Terrace is their address. Lord and Lady Rosse are both enthusiastic members of the recently founded Georgian Group, which has the preservation of England's heritage of architectural beauty as its admirable aim. Not long ago they were making a grand tour of Belgium's historic stately homes. Lady Rosse has two children, Susan and Tony Armstrong-Jones, by her first marriage, as well as two-year-old Lord Oxmantown and his brother, the Hon. Desmond Parsons, who was born in January

And the World Said-



THE HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX

The engagement of Lord and Lady Bingley's youngest daughter to Captain Charles Packe, Royal Fusiliers, was announced on July 10. The bridegroom elect is the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Packe and the late Mrs. Packe, of Great Glen Hall, Leicester. The picture was taken at Bramham Park, Lord Bingley's Yorkshire seat

lucky people will grace the races at Leopardstown, and some the fireworks at Monte Carlo, where Lord Queensberry's Boxing Weekend promises to be the biggest and best box-office Monte Carlo has ever put on. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor will occupy the ring seat of honour; and for who was with whom, watch next week's column closely, and as Harry Lauder used to say, "you may smell a rarrrbit." En attendant we will go into reverse and consider Goodwood, always a pleasant prospect with its backing of English country at its best and its house parties, which give the welcome illusion that the Grand Manner has not been taxed out of existence. After the Duke's own huge gathering, Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace's at Lavington was one of the most representative, including as it did a beauty, Mrs. Robin Wilson, a duchess, her Grace of Westminster, the racing experts Captain "Cardie" Montagu and Baron "Frankie" du Tuyll, merry-go-round Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Harcourt-Johnston, the prince of trainers, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and one of his American employers, Mrs. Laura Corrigan. I liked Mrs. Wallace's ensembles, the grey and red was good; the pink and black better, and the blue and black with its bright blue hat to match her wonderfully



AT THE KIRTLINGTON PARK POLO TOURNAMENT

A picture taken at an obviously tense moment, and the people in it are, reading from the left: the Hon. Lady Bailey, who has rented Lord Valentia's house, Bletchington; Mrs. P. Lindsay, whose husband Captain Lindsay was playing in the Heyford team; Mrs. P. Fleming, No. 1 of the Barton Abbey team; and Mrs. H. M. Budgett, the chatélaine of Kirtlington. A full page of the teams engaged at this towers.

full page of the teams engaged at this tournament appears elsewhere in this issue

HIS week's first wish is a happy birthday to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who will be thirty-nine on Friday. According to an American slogan, life begins at forty, and though this is a quaint exaggeration, no one can deny that a woman's youth lasts longer now than ever before in history; to enter the fortieth year is no longer synonymous with saying good-bye to good looks, good dressing and good spirits. The Queen possesses these useful and ornamental attributes, and with them a sweet, intelligent and vital personality. Like nearly every one born under Leo, she has energy, a steadfastness of purpose (as distinct from a one-track mind) and a philosophic strain which in her case expresses itself in two ways, the ability to reason clearly and so see all round a problem almost dispassionately, and the gift of humour. By making the philosophers in his exquisite "Crock of Gold" dry, humourless pedants, I maintain that James Stephens mis-represented the essence of philosophy, which is humour and common sense distilled; the jokes and proverbs of ordinary men being transmitted through the minds of the philosopher into rarefied thoughts, as full of intellectual conceit and the satisfaction derived from balance as is the Greek language and the game of real tennis. But there is no getting away from the same basic truths, penny plain or tuppence clever.

This week is Cowes as well as the Queen's birthday, and on Saturday some



MISS ROBINA COLQUHOUN AND MR. JAMES McCRACKEN, THE SWIMMING COACH

Just before Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun's second daughter was about to have her lesson at North Berwick from the famous Scottish swimming instructor

deep blue eyes, best. The Stanley Bonds had a big party at West Dean, his first as a married man, and on the Thursday there was an excellent youthful dance at Ivory's given by John Hornung, who is in the Irish Guards, and his sisters, Eileen and "Paddy." The Abbeys, who had Mr. Arthur Portman staying with them, gave an enormous after-the-races cocktail party at which I had pleasant words with Major and Mrs. "Jack" Denton-Carlisle, whose own gathering at Shopwycke began with her handsome daughter, Bridget Smiley, and their sub-débutante, Jacqueline Carlisle, who is six-foot-one at sweet sixteen. Others at Shopwycke were the Geoffrey Borwicks, Ian Galloway and Victor Balfour, who won his Military Cross in Palestine not long ago. He is a friend of the son of the house, Michael Smiley, who was prevented by military training from helping his mother to find the winners. Tall and nice-looking, Mrs. Carlisle is a comparatively new racing enthusiast, but their stud farm now gives her a full-time hobby. She has ten brood mares; those pretty creatures, foals and yearlings, were of great interest to the guests. No one minds being taken to stare at horses; prodding pigs has

lower entertainment value. A party which had a long drive to the course was marshalled by Captain and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills (last seen at Deauville on July 14) at their summer house near Windsor. The Hugh Leveson-Gowers who are due at Deauville for one of the big weekends later on, were with them, meanwhile they are on the Isle of Wight with his recently widowed mother. Lady ("Cat") Skipwith is also on the island, staying with her mother, Mrs. Egerton Leigh. She and Sir Grey Egerton are enchanted with their second son, who will be christened Peyton, an old baronet and first Pevton came back to England. Sir Grev's heir is married to a Russian-Princess Sofka Dolgorouky— and their son Patrick is at least a year older than his new uncle-all very complicated like the steps in the Tennant



PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HOLIDAY MAKING

A most successful picture taken at "Kays Bluff," St. Margaret's Bay, whilst their royal parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, are on a motoring tour on the Continent. The recent operation on Prince Edward has in no way lessened his great vitality and spirits

name in the Skipwith family which is Norman, although the name belies it. Robert d'Estouteville came over with the Conqueror, and his youngest grandson (his son having married a Saxon heiress) got Skipwith, in Yorkshire. The first baronet was seated at Prestwould, in Leicestershire, and his grandson, the first Grey, emigrated to Virginia, where he built another Prestwould, but the seventh



Lady Londesborough, who is a former joint-Master of the Blankney, and Mr. Herbert Nell who had the Cricklade 1936-38 with Lord Cadogan. Some more Nutting, M.F.H., and Major Gordon Foster, M.F.H., were judging are on page 221 in this issue

are having a family history compiled by a gifted homme de lettres, Mr A J. Symons. It will begin no doubt, with that forceful Glasgow character, "Jakie o' the lang lum." For English readers I should explain that according to Glaswegian legend, Tennant had the tallest chimney on Clydeside.

Scotland's seasonal influx begins soon after Cowes. Already several Americans have gone up, including dark Countess "Tookie" di Zoppola and her tall, Antibian brother, Stanley Mortimer. They are going to shoot Auchleeks in the neighbourhood of Gleneagles Hotel, where golf fills the off days very healthily. By the way, Mrs. Enid Loyd has an extremely good shoot in Central Europe; ex-King Alfonso will be one of her guns. The Harold Kingslands, of Pau and Biarritz, are also in this party. Mr. A. W. Ruthven Stuart, who lived in Paris for many years, is at Craighall, Perthshire. but I have not heard if his brother, "THE Ruthven of St. Moritz" will number among the guns. That cheery soul and the business man Lord Untables. able business man, Lord Hutchison of Montrose, has got Longyester moor to shoot from his North Berwick abode. It is difficult to ascertain who is shooting which (or who) in the south of Scotland, because only the bonny purple Highlands publicize themselves by collecting lists of owners and tenants for the Press. Most of my Scots gossips are too busy with garden fêtes in the rain to put pen to paper, but I have heard that Lady Dysart and her husband, Major Owain Greaves, will be shooting Stobo, one of the best grouse moors in the whole country, for the first time since they bought the place; the Alexander "Edmundsbury" Barclays are going to stay with Lord and Lady Howard de Walden in the far north, and that Lord Tarbat, whose wife was at the fin de saison polo pay party which began at the Spotted Dog and ended at dawn, is still trying to let two of his forests in Ross-shire. It is tough luck on this young man, who has worked hard to improve his properties, that the crisis



LORD AND LADY COWDRAY ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Monte Carlo was the spot selected and the picture was snapped outside the Beach Hotel one sunny day. The bride, as is known, was Lady Anne Bridgeman and the bridegroom owner of Cowdray Park, where they have been so busy playing polo during Goodwood week

And the World said—continued

makes it so difficult for sportsmen to sign leases. That there are good moors in the Lowlands is quite a surprise to the foreigner. Many English and Americans are under the erroneous impression that grouse driving is a much better proposition beyond the kilted line, whereas some of the best bags are got in Dumfriesshire and Peeblesshire on the Pentlands (where the Bruces' syndicate at Baddingsgill has been a successful example for years), and on the Lammermuirs where Lord Whitburgh's moor is situated in the mists. The Lowlander can remind Deeside and other prideful points north of the late Duke of Buccleuch's tremendous bags. Lowlanders are proud of Miss Florence Horsburgh's new ministerial rank. There were Horsburghs in Tweeddale in the rieving days, before Cromwell made Horsburgh Castle a ruin and took the roof off Neidpath, that lovely keep which is described at length in "Old Mortality" under a fancy name. There are no Horsburghs in Peeblesshire (where the lairds of today are mostly tweed manufacturers) now, but Miss Horsburgh's nephew is John Mackenzie, the Laird of Dolphinton, who has gone to camp with the Lanarkshire Yeomanry; the entire Dolphinton family is in camp; Alistair with the 4th battalion The Gordon Highlanders, Kenneth with The London Rifle Brigade, and sister Margaret with the Scottish unit of the F.A.N.Y.S. under canvas in Yorkshire.

the Most of Edinburgh belles, married and single belong to this. An American grande dame, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, has been doing the sights of Edinburgh with that tireless hostess Miss Hay of the Lee, whose mother was an American. Iselins used to take The Glen from the Tennants in the pre-Hatry era when the best Americans were almost as plentiful as grouse. Then the Munns came. Mrs. Iselin and Lady ("Alys") Bingham did all the Newmarket meetings together this year from the new inn near the July course which is the last word in comfort, beautifully run. Lady "Betty" Walker, who runs her own inn in Kenya writes telling me there will be - 110 charge at Treetops (her jungle annexe) if I do not see elephant

or rhinoceros, by the full moon-sounds fair! Miss Hazel Lyon has exchanged the security of her parents' house in Cadogan Place for a safari in Kenya. Mr. "Lizzie" Lezard, a legendary character in the hunting field, has gone to Africa for eighteen months' change. He will look over Mrs. Alice de Trafford's property. South African Mrs. Du Toit, who was presented at the last Court by Mrs. te Water, wore a specially woven lace wool dress which was good looking and packable. Moving up the map to Mauritius we find Lord Sempill's tall, dark, cousin Douglas Pirie (Scots Guards) doing aide-de-camp and private secretary to H.E. Sir Bede Clifford (ex-Nassau) who began his own career in the Colonial Service as private secretary to Douglas Pirie's godfather, the first and last Lord Novar. The charming Cliffords are coming on leave next year. She is lovely looking in a piquant American way, a divine ballroom partner, and a great friend of Mrs. "Johnnie" Dewar (whose dance was spoilt by rain) with whom she stayed for a bit between the gaiety of Nassau and the comparative social calm of John Bull's other island where their Excellencies have been entertaining the officers

from H.M.S. Liverpool whose visit coincided with that of S.E. Monsieur Court, the Governor of Réunion, who brought his chef de cabinet or colonial secretary. The Gloucester (flagship West Indies) and the Neptune from the Africa station had to put off putting in—a disappointment not altogether unexpected in times like these.

The success of Deauville's annual air rally organized by bluff Captain Harold Perrin of the Royal Aero Club, supported by Captain Rupert Preston ("Mossie") of the Household Brigade Flying Club was remarkable in times when few airminded people can indulge in fun and games. Deauville came as a doubly welcome break in their eminently useful lives, and in spite of Club President Lindsay Everard's much regretted absence this immense party went better than ever. The H.B.F.C. was represented by Charles Vernon-Wentworth; Leo Lonsdale; David de Crespigny Smiley; Sir Francis Winnington; the one and only Geoffrey Aldrich Blake in his pre-anschluss hat and Sir Ralph Hare, whose pretty wife stepped out of the cockpit tidy as an advertisement, after a horrid crossing. "Charlie" Winn brought three chaps all the way from Yorkshire, including charmer "Georgie" Ward. Flight-Lieutenants Mole and Jarman from Andover brought the most amusing toy on three wheels, which lands on the back pair then dips forward on to the other—an alarming motion at first. Lord Londonderry's large red plane was

much admired. Several good lookers of both sexes stepped out of it, including the Marquess's pilot, but no Marquess too bad for the Press lined up hopefully behind Deauville's vachtsman Maire, Monsieur Robert Fossorier. Welcome Committee, whose costumes were not favourable advertisements for the Deauville climate, Comte de Lepic (Inverness cape), Colonel Fresson (ridingboots), Comte Jean de Montjou, André de Fouquières (airing his best English) and Comtesse de La Salle (umbrella) who is Anna, Lady Newman's sister. shared the passport officials' shelter. Happily the fire-

The

engine was not

required, but when

le Chef des Pompiers

received a loudly

broadcast request to

come to the tele-



LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON'S HOUSE PARTY AT WALMER CASTLE

This group was taken on the ramparts of the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to which high office the Marquess of Willingdon was appointed in 1936 on the conclusion of his term as Viceroy of India. To be appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports is a virtual sinecure for Viceroys of India, and many of the present holder's distinguished predecessors have enjoyed this privilege. The names in this interesting group are: Front row (l. to r.), have enjoyed this privilege. The names in this interesting group are: Front row (l. to r.), Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Lady Spencer, H.M. the ex-Queen of Spain, Lord Willingdon, Lady Londonderry. Middle row, the Hon. Rupert Beckett, Miss Innes-Ker, Lady Willingdon, Lady Carisbrooke, Lord Carisbrooke. Back row, Lord Londonderry and Lord Spencer

phone, laughter broke out! In France MM. les Pompiers are a sure gag, like mothers-in-law and policemen's feet chez nous.

Considering the times, Monte Carlo's opening gala remained on the glamour standard, though neither the moon nor Mrs. Reginald Fellowes appeared. The night was far from being Montego Bay in temperature, and clouds divided the diners on the terrace from the stars. But sparkle came from Baronin Gisela von Krieger's diamond and ruby choker, and glow from Madame Jacques Wittouck's superb pearls, worn with the only dinner dress—white satin and diamanté. Captain D'Arcy Rutherford did his marvellous water ski-ing turn by floodlight, then changed into the only black dinner jacket and joined water-skiers Vladimir Landau and Captain John Nelson; the last-named danced with petite Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart. Mrs. Adele Van Rensselaer and Lady Mappin sat at "Francis" Queensberry's table; and Elsa Maxwell with Grand Duchess Marie. Elsa wore a daisy printed cotton with long sleeves instead of the "little black number" she is so attached to. The Lido will see her daisies later.

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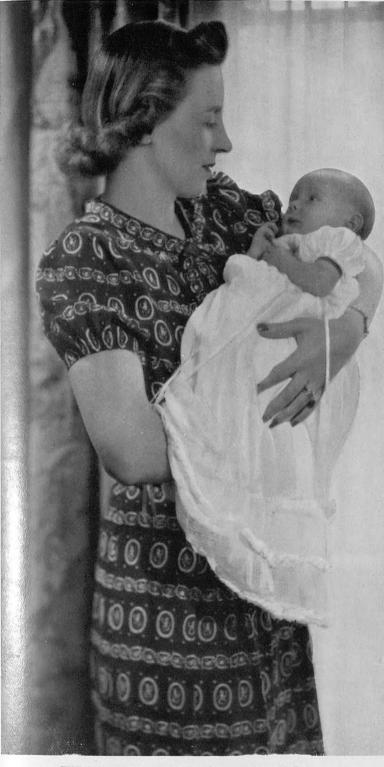
DAUGHTERS ARE THE THING

Two of this summer's arrivals pay a visit to the camera studio under maternal chaperonage



A FUTURE GOLF CHAMPION: GLENNA RAMSAY CRITCHLEY AND HER MOTHER, MRS. A. C. CRITCHLEY

Photos: Lenare



THE HON. MRS. "JOCK" LESLIE AND AMBER

The arrival of several future socialites has been signalled during the last few months. Here are two of them who have lately had their first experience of camera portraiture. Miss Amber Leslie, who has a four-year-old brother, Alastair, to show her the ropes in this growing up business, was born on May 5. A granddaughter through her mother of Mr. G. H. Pinckard, of Queenshill, Sunningdale, and a niece through her father of Lord Rothes, this young lady makes her home at Kininvie, near Dufftown, in Banffshire, and likes Scotland a lot. June 5 was the birthday of General and Mrs. A. C. Critchley's daughter, Glenna Ramsay, who was christened last week at the Savoy Chapel. With two such golf-famous parents it will be surprising if she does not make her name at the game in due course, and it is interesting to remember that it was her famous American namesake, Miss Glenna Collett, whom her mother defeated in the British Ladies' Open of 1930 to win her first championship as Miss Diana Fishwick at the age of fifteen



GRACIE FIELDS IN "SHIPYARD SALLY"

Yes, the above is Gracie Fields and it is how you will see her for part of the time in her new picture, *Shipyard Sally*, opening at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on August 7. The news of our Gracie's convalescence continues excellent and if she is well enough to attend this première what a reception she will get! Never before has she impersonated a man on the screen

SOMETIMES wonder where I put myself that I do not see things which are apparently household words to the rest of mankind. Last week it was Gracie Allen. This week it is the Hardy Family, who, I am informed, have already been the subject of some nine or ten other films. The

title of the present one is The Hardys Ride High. When the curtains at the Empire draw apart, we see Judge Hardy presiding at his court in some small town, and since the judge is played by Lewis Stone I know that I am in for an evening of some delight. This good film actor has the one gift which all players in this medium should most envy, the gift of lending credibility to that which has none and of suggesting sense where none exists. Over and over again I have seen him pull a film out of the nonsensical fire and subsequently have read in the highbrow papers how the saving of the picture was entirely due to Marcel Pbfg or to Warren P. Klutter! Presently the scene shifts to the judge's private room, where he tries to bring together a young husband and his young wife who is given to specification dress eight-fifths of her The who is given to spending on judge suggests that in future she should be content with two-fifths. The young wife

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Mickey Hardy

consents. But we do not believe in that consent, since we note that each of her finger-nails protrudes a good inch. The husband, by the way, is supposed to be a clerk whose bed the wife must make and whose food she must presumably cook and serve. However, they disappear from the court, and we are not surprised when the husband opens the door for her. In fact, he has to, because any attempt on her part to grasp the door knob would have resulted in the aforesaid nails

being smashed to smithereens!

The next to enter the judge's room is a bustling lawyer from Detroit who tells the judge that if he can make good his descent he has come into a fortune of two million dollars. And so the family flies to Detroit, the principal figure being the sixteen-year-old Master Hardy, who is played by Mickey Rooney. Now I knew before that Rooney was a fine actor with an unusual gift for pathos. What I did not realize was his extraordinary power of comedy. Judge Hardy's fortune is unpleasing to a fast young sprig who looks upon the entire Hardy family with what Sheridan would have called a damned disinheriting countenance. His object is to get the judge to renounce his inheritance, or in the alternative get young Hardy into the clutches of his girl friend who plays the Statue of Liberty in a revue. Accordingly, he takes young Hardy out to the cabaret where the Statue of Liberty is showing. the boy has never smoked, never touched liquor, and never seen a chorus girl. His endeavours to behave like a man of the world, while getting out of smoking and drinking, provide some rich comedy. But against the Statue of Liberty he is, alas, not proof. "Oh, boy!" he says to his tempter. "How long has this been going on?" And Rooney's voice as he says this cracks with emotion and is lost in the roof! He accepts the Statue's invitation to sup at her apartment after the show. He inspects that apartment with its unusual flowers and strange bottles in ice pails. It is entirely by Rooney's skill-for I will not attribute to a producer what does not belong to the producer—that as the inspection proceeds Master Hardy gets younger and younger and smaller and smaller. Enter the Statue wearing what I should describe as a one-piece gown in front and a no-piece gown behind. Whereupon Master Hardy, with the cry of a wounded animal, rushes from the apartment, down the stairs, out of the house,

and all the way home with a speed and consternation of which only a hare or very fleet sixteen-vear-olds are capable. None but a firstclass comic actor could make this so effective. It is the whole of virtue taking refuge in discretion. Presently we come back to the story and to the discovery by Judge Hardy that he is not the rightful heir. He has only to burn a book and a document and that fortune is his which otherwise must go to an orphanage. He asks young Hardy whether he should destroy the fatal evidence. Whereupon the boy says: "It's what anybody else would do. But you couldn't do it, Pop!" And, of course, Pop doesn't destroy the things and the family goes back to its humdrum smalltown existence. I admire this film while agreeing that it is, if you like, senti-mental. Lewis Stone is admirable throughout, and young Rooney shows us that whatever kind of actor he ultimately becomes—he is a great boy actor now.



BETTE DAVIS AND MIRIAM HOPKINS IN A SCENE FROM "THE OLD MAID AND HER SISTER"

After her great success in *Dark Victory*, Bette Davis will be seen shortly in *The Old Maid and Her Sister*, in which she plays the leading rôle of Charlotte to Miriam Hopkins's Delia. This is the screen version of a Pulitzer Prize play which ran for two years in New York. George Brent takes the leading male rôle

GOODWOOD IN REGULATION GOODWOOD WEATHER-FOR ONCE!



SIR ANTHONY AND LADY TICHBORNE ARRIVING ON THE SCENE



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LORD AND LADY STAVORDALE GOING INTO ACTION



LADY MOYRA PONSONBY AND MR. CLAUDE SCOTT



EUAN WALLACE AND MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN



LADY IRENE HAIG AND THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT

The right brand of weather, and racing made to match, was the keynote of the meeting which ought always to be glorious, but which sometimes is otherwise. The previous wet weather had made the going what is called a bit "yielding," but that did not affect the fields, and in the big race on the day these pictures were taken (Goodwood Stakes) they had eighteen, and the winner at the nice price of 100 to 9. Valedictory, who won over this course last year, fought it out like the game one he is to win by half a length. The gallery, as will be noticed, was both numerous and distinguished—likewise smart. Sir Anthony Tichborne, seen arriving, married a daughter of Sir Harold Snagge, a former pillar of Hurlingham. Lady Rachel Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's eldest sister, seen above with his youngest, was married on July 31 to Mr. Colin Davidson. Lord Stavordale is the son of the senior steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Ilchester, and is in The Blues (Res.). Lady Moyra Ponsonby is Lord and Lady Bessborough's only daughter, and the charming wife of the Minister of Transport, is with the former Lady Jersey and that hospitable hostess, Mrs. James Corrigan. And finally Lady Irene Haig, seen at the ticket office has as escort Lord Grimthorpe's son and heir, who is a 9th Lancer

(More pictures on page 193)

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GOODWOOD OBVIOUSLY HAS NOT FORGOTTEN HOW TO BE GLORIOUS

Neither the "racers," the polo players nor the picknickers had any complaints against the man with the watering pots this year, and above is one of the many little open-air luncheon parties which were made possible. The group of not-so-quick lunchers includes Lady Jean Ogilvie, Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas, Mr. Tommy Egerton, Mr. Carlisle, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Miss Sarah Norton, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Mark Howard and Lady Elizabeth Scott

By "GUARDRAIL"

IVERPOOL Summer Meeting gives such good stakes that it is a pity that field attendances aren't better. This is probably due to the meeting being sandwiched between the second July at Newmarket and Goodwood,

and also to the lack of railway facilities. It is aggravating to see huge placards "Give the railways a square deal," and yet when you ring up they will not reserve accommodation, and when you get to the station there are no seats. Small wonder

we all came back on the very well run and obliging British American Airways to Heston. What a fortnight we would have had if Atty's horses only had heads about an inch longer. Never have I seen a stable in such consistently worse luck.

A very nice two year old, Fair Test, ran and won at Liverpool. The form as it stands and the way in which he won was not impressive, but he will leave all this a long way behind.

The two year old, who with a penalty won the last race of the meeting, made his previous appearance in a £150 overnight selling at Beverley! Which goes to show what one can run up against in the humblest of contests.

Hurst Park on the Saturday was chiefly noteworthy for the light comedy introduced by Mr. Roll into the formality of a rather dull day's racing. On his horse Dialect being well beaten he was seen to rush to the paddock where he was found on his hands and knees tearing up grass. For a moment it was thought that he had become unhinged with disappointment, and the curse of Nebuchadnezzar had fallen upon him, but no, it was to secure some succulent morsels for the astonished horse who must also have wondered why he was crowned with a brown soft hat. Might we suggest for the benefit of those dependent on and very dear to him that buffoonery round the blunt end of a horse may easily end in tears. I am in receipt (gratis and complimentary) of a particularly useful work from Tote Investors Ltd. entitled "Who's Who in Racing." It is invaluable for looking up the addresses, or any information connected with the Turf, with regard to all the best-known people who race or have anything to do with racing.

In addition to this the volume has its lighter side, and

provides quite a lot of unsuspected information as to the haunts and recreations of one's friends. Provided by themselves it must be true, but who would imagine that, say, old Mrs. Bloggs devoted her leisure hours to travel, golf and

bridge. As she hasn't missed a meeting for years, from where she is the ball must be well under the horizon, and she can't count higher than nine, one would have thought of any other amusements for her. Again, why does the young gentleman who

can invariably be found between the hours of midnight and 6 a.m. in the "Four Hundred" or the "Bag o' Nails" put down The Athenæum as his only club when his sole visits to that rather austere federation are for the purpose of cashing a cheque and getting a brace of aspirin off the hall porter.

I am surprised, too, not to see the details of that gentleman so well known to all racegoers: Major-General Sir Charles Boreham, O.B.E., H2.O., The Hollies, Ealing; Educ., self; 1854, C.O. Guides (Native Quarter, Port Said); 1860, Mil. Sec. Maharajah Outdore; Best horse, Stayburner, 4th Scurry Distance Handicap, not so ruddy bad, 1861; Colours, puce red spots; Clubs, Eccentric, Unbalanced and Bats; creations, drinking, quarrelling and talking about Stayburner.

To be serious, the book is a mine of useful information and invaluable to racegoers.

Owing to the incidence of the August Bank Holiday, this has to go to press before the beginning of Goodwood. This charming but particularly tricky meeting, is the making of Alexandra Park on the Saturday whither those who would much sooner have gone to Deauville are forced to repair. I understand that a beautiful new stand has been built in the cheap enclosure and it must be admitted that this has been a very long felt want. I understand also, in advance, that the portion roped off for men only in the members' enclosure was entirely occupied by women.

With Goodwood over, racing, with the exception of York, holds very little of interest till Doncaster, except for those who, not having yet amassed their holiday money, find the Sussex fortnight quite absorbing. Here's hoping that Frank Hartigan and Victor Gilpin will enable us to take our noses

from that great rough grindstone.

MORE GOODWOOD:





WING-COMMDR. FIELDEN, MISS R. GROSVENOR AND THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE



MISS JANE KENYON-SLANEY GETS OFFICIAL INFORMATION



LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH AND MISS SARAH NORTON



STEWARDS' CUP DAY

LADY CAREW POLE WALKING ROUND WITH THE HON. MRS. ALEXANDER



LORD GRANBY WITH LADY HÉLÈNE BERRY AND MISS BULLOCK (RIGHT)

By way of a great change from recent summer weather, Goodwood opened in brilliant sunshine. Some prophets had been gloomy about the going, but once again Goodwood's very venerable turf proved its merit, and Knight's Caprice, for one, found it first-rate for winning on. Here are a few of the many well-knowns who viewed this all-Irish victory and contributed sophisticated elegance to a naturally beautiful scene. Lady Diana Cooper, whose relations present included her nephew, Lord Granby, wore a beige frock, white coat and Eton-blue shady hat. She is by no means a racing regular, but Miss Monica Sheriffe very definitely comes into this category and usually has a few horses in training. Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney, a bridesmaid the day before when her sister married Lord Hopetoun, could not have been to bed very early, but looked remarkably fresh and charming. Agreeably jaunty hats adorned Sir John Carew Pole's wife and the Duchess of Roxburghe; the latter, seen with the Captain of the King's Flight, was a member, with her husband, of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond's party at Goodwood House. Miss Sarah Norton, with whom is the Duke of Devonshire's younger son, was being anxiously asked for news of her father, the victim of a terrible motor accident not long ago

More Goodwood pictures on page 191

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Cannons of Hollywood

MRS. ROSS LLEWELLYN

A second cousin of H.M. the Queen, whose wedding to Mr. Ross Llewellyn took place yesterday, August 1. The bride is the former Miss Anne Caroline Bowes-Lyon, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon. The bridegroom is the elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Llewellyn, of Nethway House, Devon

attention has become riveted: you are drawn towards him or her instinctively. Should your eyes meet, as usually, in some mysterious way, they do, it would seem as if there were an immediate recognition. It is all very strange, and always should I like to know the reason why? Is it some subtle underground form of sex attraction? Maybe; maybe not. Is it some form of mysterious mental intermingling? Maybe; again maybe not. Is it some biological process in which like turns irresistibly towards like? Or, contrariwise, is it two opposites suddenly discovering an opponent worthy of their metal? I have read a dozen explanations, but none of them has completely convinced me. Or, at least, only in part and under certain circumstances. The mystery of

attraction remains a mystery, though the fact of it stares you in the face all through life. Disregarding fiction, which is too often merely so many logically moulded characters, rather than time-evolved, biographies often supply examples of this phenomenon. Maybe it arises only from an extract from a letter; but immediately you say to yourself; "Yes, I am sure I should like the writer of that letter; we should get on very well together; towards life and human beings we share, so to speak, the same psychological slant."

I found such a character in Alasdair Alpin MacGregor's delightful portrait of a remote village in Scotland: "The Goat-Wife" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). She was the writer's Aunt Dorothy, around whom this lovely book of youthful reminiscences is woven, and she absolutely dominates the pattern. This is how we first meet her: "Only a couple of railway employees and the merest handful of the natives were there at the station when Aunt Dorothy stepped out of the loose-box in which she had been transported from Dumfriesshire, together with a pony, two dogs, six cats, about threescore hens, ten ducks, and a flock of some fifty goats and kids. She came to High

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Portrait of a Village.

TINE hundred and ninetynine people pass you in procession. You are as indifferent to them as if they were sheep. Some may be playful, some adventurous, some betterlooking than the rest, but for you they are so much "dough." Then there passes the thousandth man or woman, as the case may be, and in an instant your



MISS CLAIRE LUCE AT A PEACEFUL OCCUPATION A far more peaceful one than she has in the hair-raising play, Of Mice and Men, at the Apollo, where she has to be murdered every night most painfully by Mr. Niall MacGinnis, who plays the gorilla-like farm labourer

Wind as she was to remain—alone magnificent, like the mountains in her isolation, the grim forces of nature everywhere around her." Until then she had lived a great part of her life in very comfortable social circumstances in Edinburgh. She was well in her fifties before she escaped from the environment which life had hitherto thrust upon her and struck out for herself to lead the life she wanted to live. Thus she came to a desolate, isolated old cottage on the banks of the Dornoch Firth, and out of a wilderness made a veritable garden of fruit and vegetables and flowers and trees practically single-handed. The cottage itself had a curse upon it, but Aunt Dorothy cared nothing for curses. She worked until she had turned what was once almost a ruin into a charming, comfortable home.

Nothing came amiss to her capable mind. She was her own cook, servant, gardener, carpenter, builder and general handyman, and yet she found time to keep up the cultivation of her mind, look after her neighbours, and provide the ideal holiday home for her nephews, of whom the writer was one, when their school days came temporarily to an end. Indeed, she must have been a wonderful woman, with the mind and outlook of a man: an individual in individuality's completest form. Strong-minded, full of prejudices, a keen sense of humour kept her human, while beneath a somewhat forbidding exterior kindness of heart made her lovable in the mind of those who understood her. She was a great character, and, even granted that distance of time, which always lends enchantment to any memory not absolutely repulsive, her nephew-biographer has drawn for us an unforgettable portrait-human, wise, lovable, yet somewhat awesome. For such a nephew as he confesses himself to have been, she was the ideal aunt. They both loved working with their hands, capably, methodically, enthusiastically, and consequently successfully. During his holidays he did his boyish best to help in everything, and it is because of the aid he gave so willingly that in his memories we begin, so to speak, at the very beginning and go stage by stage until it would seem that we, too, are actually taking our part in turning this derelict cottage and land into a place of such beauty that visitors in the district came to gaze at it—as

nearly as the dogs and the billygoats would permit strangers to

approach.

Ît is amazing what a meaty book of reminiscences he has made of memories which scarcely ever stray from a middle-aged woman, her house and garden, and the remote village which surrounded her life. And yet for me there wasn't a dull or superfluous page. I became interested in everything and everybody, and especially in formidable Aunt Dorothy, who seemed to be able to turn her hands to anything and achieve the seemingly impossible. As, for instance, when she sat about nursing a toad which had been badly injured: "One of the creature's hind legs was bleeding profusely. It seemed almost dissevered. Aunt Dorothy, who meantime was pottering about the greenhouse, realised that something had happened, and was on the spot in an instant. She immediately carried the wounded toad into the house, sought out her tin of pertinent accessories, and bandaged the limb. What attention the toad received thereafter I cannot now recall. What I can recall is that in time the toad was leaping as though it never had been injured. All evidence of bandage was then (Continued on page 196).

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LAST WEEK'S BIG ABBEY WEDDING



LEAVING THE RECEPTION: THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE AND LADY MINTO

LORD HOPETOUN AND HIS BRIDE, MISS VIVIEN KENYON-SLANEY

LADY WEYMOUTH AND DAUGHTER, THE HON. CAROLINE THYNNE







MRS. G. O. KELLETT AND MRS. SQUIRES OUTSIDE 144, PICCADILLY

VIRGINIA SEYMOUR TOOK HER DUTIES SERIOUSLY

MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY, HER SISTER, LADY COKE, AND THE HON. MARY COKE

Quite the most socially important of last week's events was the Westminster Abbey marriage of Lord and Lady Linlithgow's elder twin son, Lord Hopetoun, to the elder daughter of Captain Kenyon-Slaney and Lady Mary Gilmour, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. Viceregal duties kept the bridegroom's father in India, but his mother was home for the wedding, and the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, maternal grandparents of Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, came over from Northern Ireland. Sir John Little Gilmour gave away the bride who had a retinue of six growns-up and six children, amongst the latter being her first cousin, Miss Virginia Seymour. This delightful little seven-year-old is the elder daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel Sir Reginald Seymour and of Lady Katharine Seymour. Mrs. Edgar Brassey, whose only son was married to Miss Joyce Kingscote a few days earlier, took up a good position for waving good-bye, with her sister and niece, outside Lord and Lady Allendale's house in Piccadilly, which was lent for the reception. As will be observed, wedding hats were well up to this year's rather freakish standard

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

removed, and the toad once again resumed its normal pursuits.

No wonder, perhaps, Aunt Dorothy was looked upon as being very odd. She refused to recognise either class distinction or senseless convention, and in dealing with people she divided them into two groups: (a) those who were humbugs; and (b) those who were genuine. All the sadder then is the final chapter when, after the war and Aunt Dorothy's lonely death, the author returned to revisit this wilderness which one middle-aged woman had with so much difficulty turned into a harbour of peace and beauty, only to find that the wilderness had once again reclaimed its own. The curse upon the cottage had been fulfilled a second time. Scarcely anything remained which was not in ruins, overgrown by weeds, desolate and forgotten. It was as if a vengeful hand had wiped as from a slate the beauty which Aunt Dorothy had created with so much enthusiasm and love and hard labour. Nevertheless, this delightful story of her creativeness and the village which surrounded her efforts remains as a testimonial to her memory. To read it is to meet a wonderful woman and to wander for a time into the pure, invigorating air of the quiet Scottish scene, remaining there intensely interested and as happy as if on a perfect holiday.

Lord Baldwin on England.

It is nice from time to time to read a book about England and ourselves, written by someone who, by lifelong experience, understands our national greatness, our traditions, our aims, our ideals, our weaknesses, our individual characteristicsall those virtues and faults which are England and the English. Thus appraised, and thereby placed honestly and in admiration before the world. Such a book is Lord Baldwin's "An Interpreter of England" (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. 6d.), being the Falconer Lectures which he delivered in April of this year at the University of Toronto. And among our greatest virtues this surely is most characteristic, if history, social or otherwise, tells its own story: "In practice the English are a kindly hearted folk. They want to be at peace with the world and they cannot hate for long. Nevertheless, when they have to fight, their tenacity is unbreakable. But after a fight they are always ready to make friends. At home or abroad their sympathy is always with the underdog."

Elsewhere he praises the independence and the individuality of the average Englishman, though, like all observers, he fears that in this modern world of mass production of ideas, amusements and stereotyped education this splendid human characteristic may one day be undermined. He traces briefly the centuries of struggle which have evolved the present ideal of democracy as we know it. Quoting the present Master of Balliol: "That seems to me the authentic note of democracy. The poorest has his own life to

live, not to be managed or drilled or used by other people. His life is his own and he has to live it. None can divest him of the responsibility. However men may be in wealth or ability or learning, whether clever or stupid, good or bad, living their life is their concern and their responsibility. That is not a scientific nor a common-sense doctrine. It is a religious and moral principle."

This inspiring little book of over one hundred pages is not

propaganda, as we to-day know propaganda and suspect it: it is a statement of fact based on history and observation. I am glad it is so cheap. Thus it will be read—and should be read—by Englishmen all over the world; and if any unprejudiced enemy were to ask for an honest interpretation of England and the English, written without bombast, but with deep knowledge and understanding of our character and ideals, I would hand it to him confidently. And surely no series of lectures on England ever ended more impressively or more movingly than these: "To whatever ideology a people may submit itself—that is its own concern. But when that ideological system is imposed on other free countries, that is the concern of all free men. And now we know that should the challenge come we shall be there. In Luther's words, 'we can no other.' We were there when the Spanish galleons made for Plymouth: we were on those bloody fields of the Netherlands when Louis XIV, aimed at the domination

of Europe: we were on duty when Napoleon bestrode the world like a demi-god, and we answered the roll call, as you did, in August 1914. We can no other. So help us God!'

Thoughts from "An Interpreter of England."

Wit is of the intellect, but humour is of the heart." " The price of liberty is eternal vigilance on the part of the rulers, vigilance on the part of the

"If a democracy is to be healthy and to survive, to bring out what we believe is latent in our people, it must have the service of every man and woman in the body politic.'

"What is at stake is freedom of the spirit, and that has never been won without discipline and sacrifice."

Delightful Animal Photographs.

How nice it is these days to turn occasionally from the kind of things which fill newspaper pages to the kind of things which fill the pages of nature. And if such a relief is what you seek, buy and turn over the pages of Phyllis Kelway's little book, "A House in the Wood" (Black; 3s. 6d.). It is a book mainly composed of forty-four simply delightful photographs of English animals and birds - squirrels, fieldmice, owls, thrushes and other little birds, hedgehogs, butterflies, grass snakes and moths. But every picture tells, so to speak, a little incidental story in the lives of each bird and beastie. And each little bird and beastie has been caught by the photographer while in the act, as it were, of telling us his tiny story. A charming, delightful little book.



Bertram Park

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MDLLE. ULLA POULSEN

This out-of-the-way attractive personality is Prima Ballerina and actress of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen. She is the holder of the Ingenio et Arti medal, which was presented to her by the King of Denmark, and the Swedish Gold Medal by the King of Sweden. During her career she has appeared in all the notable ballets and Shakespearean plays and has toured in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Stockholm, and the U.S.A.

THE STAGE AT PLAY AND AT WORK



ACTRESSES VERSUS AUTHORS: URSULA JEANS HITS A BOUNDARY, WHILE ALEC WAUGH WICKET-KEEPS



HURRICANE BOWLER
A. P. HERBERT



J. B. PRIESTLEY AND JOYCE BARBOUR, RESPECTIVE CAPTAINS, TOSS



THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT": (L. TO R.) MORRIS HARVEY, EADIE PALFREY, RICHARD LITTLEDALE AND JESSICA TANDY



Photos. : Debenham

D. A. CLARKE SMITH AS MALVOLIO, AND IRIS BAKER AS OLIVIA

A strong counter-attraction to the Test Match at Manchester was the Actresses versus Authors annual battle in Regent's Park, in aid of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society and South-West Groups. If the cricket was not quite up to the Walter Hammond standard, what did that matter, for it was all for charity. Ursula Jeans, that clever young actress who at the moment is not gracing the London stage, appears to be in pretty good form, judging by her attitude and determined expression. Alec Waugh, brother of Evelyn Waugh, is something of a cricketer himself. The M.C.C. would not, somehow, quite approve of the ball with which A. P. Herbert is bowling, but let us hope he got a wicket with it. J. B. Priestley, perhaps England's most widely read author, and whose book, "The Good Companions," made such a successful film, captained the Authors' team, and Joyce Barbour skippered the Actresses. The Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, opened with Twelfth Night on Monday, and it is hoped that the weather will behave itself a bit better than it has done of late, during the run of this play which is so eminently suited to open-air expression. Morris Harvey and Eadie Palfrey both enjoyed themselves immensely. Iris Baker, as Olivia, and D. A. Clarke Smith, as Malvolio, gave two of the best performances in the whole of a distinguished cast

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A FRIENDLY FOURSOME

Constance, Duchess of Westminster (left) and her husband, Captain J. F. Lewis (right), with H.E. the Duke of Alba and Miss Nora Gillespie, all ready for golf at Gleneagles Hotel, where, as in other parts of Scotland, they ve been having a heat wave—another injustice to England! The Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador in London since the fall of the Republic, is more or less on his native heath up north, being tenth holder of the Stuart Dukedom of Berwick

oTHING could be more in keeping with the true functions of the English Golf Union, a body whom I have sometimes made bold to criticise, than a resolution they passed at their meeting in London last week. It was suggested by a past president, Major Percy Burton, who has an intimate connection with the Lucifer Golfing Society. This Society, as you know, exists to improve the lot of Empire golfers visiting this country and British golfers home on leave from the Empire.

After circularising every club in the Empire, the Lucifers hold a competition in the summer. Entries number several hundreds, and a goodly proportion of them are dined by the Society at the members' expense in London. For upwards of a couple of months twenty or thirty of the best-known London clubs offer the courtesy of their courses to all who take part in the Lucifers' tournament. They include Walton Heath, Sunningdale, and Stoke Poges.

Now at Major Burton's instigation the English Golf Union is to communicate to the thousand-odd clubs affiliated to it the suggestion that they may care also to offer special terms to Empire golfers. What those terms shall be is left to the clubs. The Union does not profess to have any jurisdiction in the matter. Some clubs may care to halve their green fees, others to waive them altogether.

If you travel from this country to golf clubs in any part of the Empire, you will be received with a ready welcome. That hospitality is not reciprocated over here—not, I think, by design but merely from thoughtlessness. The English Union now suggest that clubs should merely require from Empire visitors a general letter of introduction signed by some official of their home club. I hope that when your club receives the Union's communication you will do

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

your best to see that it is accepted in the spirit in which it was sent.

Sir Emsley Carr, as keen and beneficent a golfer as ever there lived, has returned from a voyage of recuperation after a serious operation. He lives beside the club at Walton Heath, and has been almost wholly responsible for restoring its fading fortunes during the past three years or so. He is now making arrangements for a match at Walton, on October 13 and 14, between the Ryder Cup team and an equal number of first-class amateurs, just before the professionals leave for the United States. Already, I gather, he has had acceptances from James Bruen, Alex Kyle and Hector Thomson. I can think of no better "polishing-up" process for the pros. To be beaten in single combat by other professionals just before their departure would make their position as members of the team a little invidious. Amateurs, somehow, are in a different category. Bruen and Kyle in any case, according to my way of thinking, would themselves have been worth a place in a British Ryder Cup team, judging

Ryder Cup team, judging by the talent available at the moment.

I hope that this match and the knock-out tournament arranged by General Critchley to take place in the autumn, which is to be open to pros. and amateurs—a professional conceding two up whenever he meets an amateur—will lead to a great increase in direct combats between the two classes of players—to the mutual advantage of each.

Yet how happy is the relationship between the professional and the amateur in golf as compared with some sports, notably tennis. The other evening I was taking part in a television programme in which also appeared Bill Tilden. We fell to comparisons, of course, and really to a golfer the position in lawn tennis seems worthy of one's preparatory school days. We could not, for instance, have Burton and Locke perform at Mere, because the Mere club would be struck off for permitting two outsiders, who actually played openly for money-instead of covertly for bribes as bogus amateurs to defile their course. As for Sir Emsley Carr, for arranging his match at Walton he would be

eminiscences, "Such Were These Years" blackballed for life.

As Tilden pointed out, professionals in tennis are driven into the hands of "promoters," and money that ought to be going back into the game is diverted outside it. He and his fellow stars would be only too delighted to perform at tennis clubs up and down the country. They would get their fees and the clubs, many of whom are struggling to make ends meet, would take the rest. Every penny in one way or another would go back into tennis, and a good time be had by all.



Photos.: Swaebe

LORD AND LADY CROMER

The former Lord Chamberlain and his wife have also lately been playing golf on the Gleneagles Hotel courses. Last week, however, they were concerned with an important family celebration, namely, the coming-of-age of their only son, Lord Errington. Lady Cromer, who is Lord Minto's sister, has just published a very entertaining book of reminiscences, "Such Were These Years"

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



SUTTON COLDFIELD GOLF CLUB-By "MEL"

The Sutton Coldfield Club, which this year celebrates its jubilee, can claim to have been a pioneer of organised golf in the Midlands, and with the exception of that of Coventry it is the oldest club in Warwickshire. In the 80's of last century a few gentlemen residing in the district used to play on a rough course which they had improvised on the town side of the Park, and it was not till 1889 that an inaugural meeting was held to consider procuring a course on which golf could be properly played. When the Club celebrated its twenty-first anniversary, Mr. A. L. Lloyd, the popular captain, in an amusing speech drew attention to the fact that every Mayor of Sutton Coldfield had been President of the Club, and every President had been a Mayor of Sutton Coldfield. After the War a scheme for re-planning the course was revived, and the advice of Dr. Mackenzie was sought, which resulted in the work being put in hand at the cost of £3000



THE STOCKWOOD TEAM:

L. to r.: Captain G. H. Webber, Major H. Ross Skinner, the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon and the Hon. Mrs. Murray

POLO
AT
KIRTLINGTON
PARK,
OXON



THE BLUE BIRDS:

L. to r.: Captain R. W. Pilkinson, Mr. J. Tatham-Warter, Captain J. Chamberlayne and Mr. A. W. Mosselmans

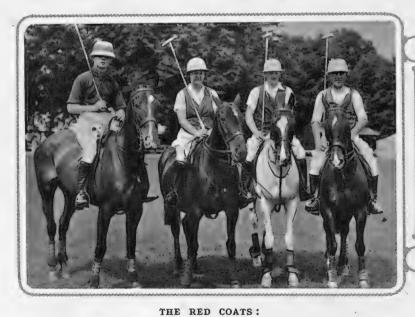


THE KIRTLINGTON PARK TEAM:
L. to r.: Major S. C. Deed, Mr. Arthur Budgett, Mr. Alan Budgett and Mr. J. Bailey

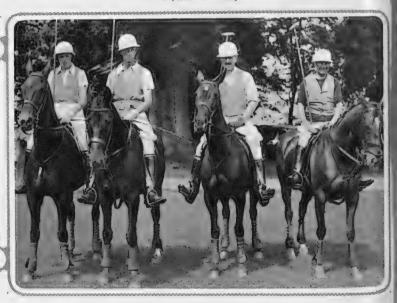


THE HEYFORD TEAM:

L. to r.: Nagogo (dan Sarkin Katsina), Mr. J. D. Summers, Captain G. Jordan and Captain P. Lindsay



L. to r.: Mr. J. Greenwood, Miss Rigden, Mr. R. Black and Mr. J. Bletsoe; team handicap four noughts



THE BARTON ABBEY TEAM:
L. to r.: Mrs. P. Fleming, the Hon. H. B. Hermon-Hodge, Major P. Fleming and Mr. N. Patterson

The Kirtlington Polo Ground and this tournament were started by the family of Budgett, the head of which is the former Master of the Bicester, and the two polo-playing sons, both of whom were in Oxford University sides and in other sides which they have organised at various times. The ground, which is in the Park, is an excellent one and is the especial care of the cadets of the house assisted by, amongst others, Mr. Hermon-Hodge, who is a brother of Lord Wyfold. They always manage to hit up any amount of fun out of this tournament, and this year the entry was a particularly good one. As will be noted, some of the teams are composed on the co-ed principle, notably the Stockwood one which includes two ladies who were playing recently for the Highfield team in the Women's Championship at Hurlingham. They are Lord Cowdray's sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon and the Hon. Mrs. Murray. The Barton Abbey team when entirely feminine was also engaged in the Ladies' Championship and made Rugby go for their lives to win it. Another picture of Kirtlington happenings appears in "And The World Said" pages in this issue

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Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

TWO RECENT PORTRAITS OF THE LADY SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL

These two charming photographs of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's eldest daughter were taken just before her presentation at the last Court of the season. Lady Sarah, besides being one of the most important débutantes of the year, is decidedly one of the prettiest. Her brother, Lord Blandford, is thirteen years of age. Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough is the daughter of the late Lord Chelsea and Lady Charles Montagu. Blenheim Palace, the historic home of the Marlborough family, is one of the show places of England, and one of the largest balls of the season was given there on July 7 in honour of Lady Sarah's coming-out. The Duke of Marlborough's mother was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of the late Mr. William Kissam Vanderbilt, of New York. As her second husband she married Lieut.-Col. Jacques Balsan

PRINCE GEORGE GALITZINE SITS OUT WITH MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH



MISS MORSE-EVANS AND SIR F. WINNINGTON

INVITATION PAY-PARTY FOR



MRS. RICHARD CRITCHLEY AND CAPTAIN LESLIE HARRIS, SENIOR UMPIRE AT RANELAGH



MR. EDWARD ASHLEY COOPER AND MISS PATRICIA CATTY



CONFIDENCES: MISS HARMOOD-BANNER WITH MR. CROOKSHANK



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT ABOUT TO DANCE WITH SIR STEPHEN BULL



ON LEFT: MISS MARGERY BOULTON AND THE HON. KEITH ROUS

The Ladies' Polo Association of Great Britain and Ireland—a fairly new body but rapidly becoming a very important one, now that hard-riding Dianas all over the country have discovered for themselves how much more amusing polo is to play than to watch—recently staged a first-rate dance at 6, Stanhope Gate on the invitation pay-party principle. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, founder of the Ferne Club, and largely responsible for putting ladies' polo on the map, was very rightly joint-chairman of the party committee, her colleague in office being another star performer, Lady Priscilla Aird. Lady Margaret, who wore an outstandingly attractive dress of peacock-green lace and tulle, will be found on the facing page. Polo-playing men giving the dance personal patronage included the Hon. Keith Rous, whose Jaguars team won the 1939 championship; Lord Stradbroke's son is seen on the left with Sir Harold Boulton's débutante only daughter. Mrs. Richard Critchley, who fills the top right-hand corner of this page with Captain Leslie Harris, late 9th Lancers, is the wife of Captain Critchley, Probyn's Horse, who plays for Edmundsbury. Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner's only daughter brought her fan, and helped to make the party she had helped to organise go with a swing. Mr. "Paddy" Crookshank, one of her partners, had attended the Levée that day. Miss Patricia Catty, photographed with Nora Swinburne's husband, worked hard as member of the dance committee; her grey crinoline was good value.

THE LADIES' POLO ASSOCIATION



MISS ANNE PAGET, MR. ROBERT SANDEMAN,
MISS BERENS AND JONKHEER TAXEIRA DE MATTOS



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY TALKING TO MR. GILBERT ELIOT



MISS IRENE MANN-THOMSON AND MR. TONY VICKERS



H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR AND MISS MOLLY JONES



MISS BETTY KELLY AND MR. A. N. COOPER-KEY



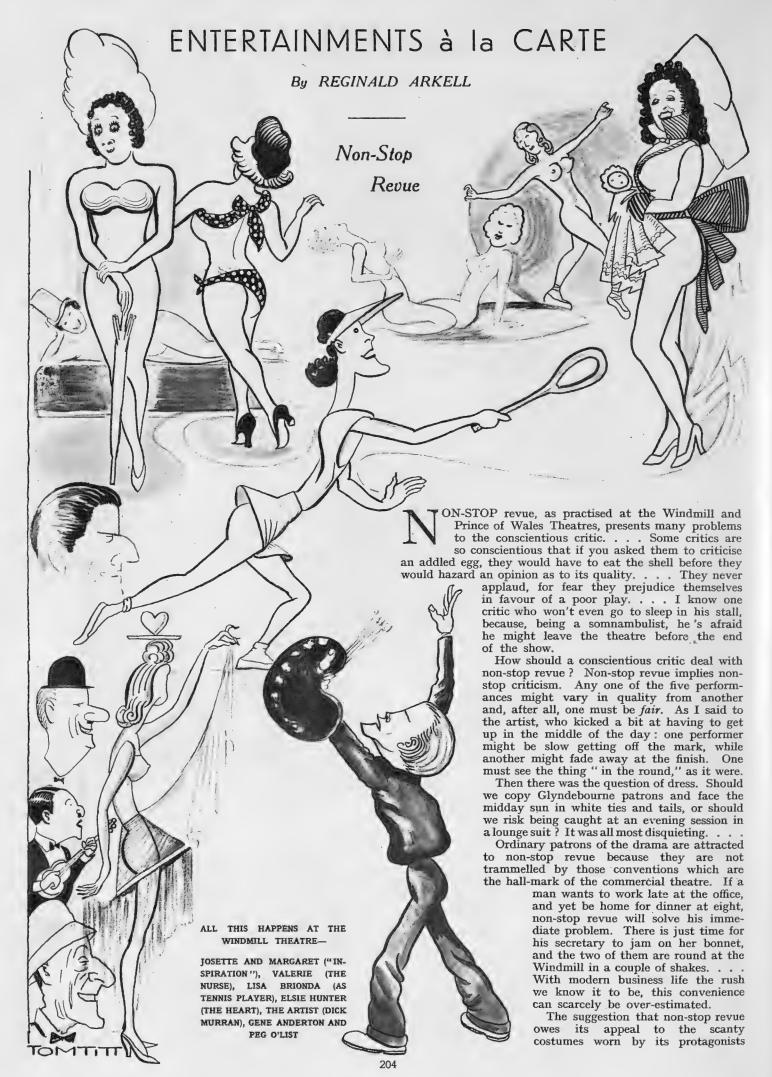
MR. NORMAN PARSONS WITH ACTRESS MISS DIANE SCOTT

ON RIGHT: CAPTAIN CRITCHLEY, LADY TARBAT AND MR. HARMOOD-BANNER
Continuing our chronicle of notable supporters of the Ladies' Polo Association Pay

Continuing our chronicle of notable supporters of the Ladies' Polo Association Pay Party we present here many more camera victims. H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur, who plays polo regularly on this side (he has been playing for the Optimists) and lent some of his good ponies to the English Westchester Cup team, is at the moment attached for duty to The Tins, at Knightsbridge Barracks. Miss Betty Kelly, a very leading light of Dorset polo circles, has a handicap of three goals and played for Fontwell Magna in the Ladies' Championship; they were beaten in the semi-final round by the ultimate winners, Rugby, after extra time. Miss Anne Paget, not to be confused with her namesake cousin who lately got engaged, was amongst débutantes at this dance. Miss Irene Mann-Thomson, youngest daughter of the late Colonel W. Mann-Thomson and of Mrs. Fitzgerald, had her usual social success, and was booked up three deep; with her here is Lady Cawdor's brother. Mr. Norman Parsons, Sir Herbert Parson's nephew, escorted lovely blonde Miss Diane Scott, who understudies Claire Luce in Of Mice and Men, at the Apollo Theatre. Lady Tarbat, who had Captain Richard Critchley and Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner's only son alongside her at supper, is Lady Cromartie's American-born daughter-in-law. Incidentally, Captain Critchley's name featured in last week's end-of-the-season list of revised handicaps, he having gone up a point, from four goals to five



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is unworthy. . . . If you have ever been behind the scenes at the Prince of Wales Theatre, you will know how the girls appearing in Les Femmes de Paris have to rush to get out of their clothes for Roman d'Amour à Mandalay. The poor things do their best, but it often happens that they have to come on the stage just as they are. . . . This is one of the minor drawbacks of non-stop revue and, quite honestly, I don't see how it can be avoided.

When you have closed your eyes to these little shortcomings, you have to agree with the gentleman who gives himself a pat on the back in the Windmill programme. "How is it," he asks, "that this the second smallest theatre in Tondon—can continually play to 75 per cent. capacity every week of the year during such times as we are going through?" And he answers himself: "Give the public entertainment in one form or another and they will be only too willing to pay for it." Less fortunate managers might suggest that Mr. Van Damm reminds them of that Peeping Tom of Coventry, who when he was Peeping Tom of Coventry who, when he was caught looking at Lady Godiva, explained that he had never seen a white horse before. Less fortunate managers do not share in the benefits enjoyed by the purveyors of non-stop revue. At the Haymarket or St. James's Theatre there is no such rush behind the scenes that leading ladies have no time to complete their toilet. A non-stop version of The Women might be a wow. Miss Lilian Braithwaite at the Comedy or Dame Sybil Thorndike in a non-stop version of *The Corn* is Green, at the Duchess, might give Mrs. Laura Henderson of the Windmill a very good run for her money, but perhaps it 's as well not to work a willing horse-even a white one, Mr. Van Dammto death.

ZAIETES

BILLY

VINE

MONTMARTRE



Priscilla in Paris

Written from the Farm-on-the-Island.

ND marvellous it is to be here, Très Cher, even though I do have to be glad of having installed an outside (and outsize) rainwater-butt. The rain it raineth every day, but it does so, conveniently, at mealtimes, or at the hours when one feels inclined for a shut-eye, a soupçon of backgammon or a game of bridge. (Not that I am any good with the card end of this casse-tête; I merely specialise with the unfolding of tables and manipulation of ash-tray, glasses and bottles; my friends do the rest.) The bluest of skies, and scorching, blinding sunshine happen between the showers that are accompanied by spectacular rainbows, so that, to quote a young friend, "Heaven looks all tied up with ribbon, like a birthday parcel." The pretty creatures that clutter the beach below the Farm are, already, beautifully brown. It is real tan, not the sort that comes out of bottles and rubs off on cushions and clothes. not my Island, however, but the open-air swimming-baths of Paris-and elsewhere-that are responsible for this. One prepares deliberately for the holidays. For weeks past, the youngsters have been roasting their epidermis with care, art and-salad oils, variously bottled, scented and labelled with glorified names. This takes time and perseverance. At the Sporting Club in the Bois de Boulogne, the young people, en perdent le manger, if not le boire, which, of course, is also very excellent for the figure; and quite a few, arriving soon after breakfast, spend the whole day there, prone by

the swimming-pool, turning, turning—slowly, slowly—like chickens on the spit at a

rôtisserie.

Down here I have rediscovered all my old friends. The beach donkeys that stop on their way to work every morning, and refuse to pass my gate until they have been given their daily hunk of bread. (I think they must have an understanding with the baker!) The baker's boy who delivers the loaves and keeps tally by cutting notches on a stick that hangs behind the kitchen door. (Josephine says that unless she watches him carefully, he cuts them with a two-bladed knife, and that it's not possible, even with the donkeys' help, that we manage to eat four kilos of bread a day!) The little girl distinctly matronly now, but who will be called "the little girl" till the end of timewho comes from the village "to help" is still quite incapable of avoiding trouble. A blonde two-year-old clings to her skirts, an olive-skinned babe contentedly chews its thumb in its ramshackle pram, and, by the look of things, the next addition will arrive this side of Christmas. We are inclined to bet on a redhead. My nearest neighbour,

the padre, is even fatter than last year, and I wonder whether the white-braided belt of the ladies' blue serge bathing suit, cut on 1880 lines, that he wears when he goes prawn-fishing, will meet round his ample middle. I have not yet had time to go up to the village to see my old cronies there, especially the two knitting sisters, old maids of sixty-five and seventy. They have never left the Island, except once, to go to Lourdes, where the youngest sister was cured of hay fever, and, on this account, is known as "la miraculée," and is greatly looked up to by her neighbours.

No sooner did I get here than I was off back to Paris again for the première of John (Sir John, in private life)



MME. LAURENT LE MONNIER AT A PARIS RECEPTION

A well-known figure in Paris society, photographed at a quiet reception given by Comtesse Clauzel, whose husband, the vice-president of the French Red Cross Society, was a former Minister to Austria, and later Ambassador in Berne



Studio Intran

LUCIENNE BOYER

The celebrated Parisian cabaret artiste in a smiling mood and a flowery dress that is quite a change from the usual "blues" in which we are accustomed to hear her murmur sweet nothings about "l'amour" and such-like matters. For all that, London would be very glad to welcome her back again, where she can always be sure of her usual terrific reception at whatever night haunt she may deign to grace with her talent

Pollock's play, The King's Arms, done by the English Players, Edward Sterling en tête. Who says that Paris "goes dead" after the Grand Prix? It is a long time since I saw such a smart house. The British Embassy was well represented, and all the most influential critics and noted "first-nighters" were at the small but famous theatre in the Rue de Clichy, from which so many other great successes have started. Indeed, it was a most distinguished audience, and therefore d—ashed difficult to please; but long before the curtain fell on the first act the most captious critics were purring with pleasure. Here is an historical play that contains every element needful for a successful run. Thrills and romance, excitement and sentiment. The dialogue is brilliant. The central figure of the "Merry Monarch,"

swaggering, joking, and gaily philandering with every pretty wench, is remarkably drawn by the author, and Edward Sterling has made it one of his finest creations. Pamela Sterling, whose concours de fin d'année was so brilliant at the Paris Conservatoire, plays the leading feminine part with charm, and a delightful mixture of authority and espièglerie. I spent such an agreeable evening at this production that I did not begrudge the 466 kilometres I covered in order to be present at it, and the memory of those pleasant hours kept me awake during the long night drive back to the Farm. But now, Très Cher, methinks I will go throw myself in the water, and then hit the hay!

THE SUMMER SPORTING CLUB



TO OPEN THE SUMMER SPORTING:
ANITA ELSON AND HERR BRUNO RAUDNITZ



MR. IRVING NETCHER WITH LOVELY BARONIN GISELA VON KRIEGER



MRS. PHYLLIS ALLAN AND SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS POSE PRETTILY

The Sporting Club at Monte Carlo has just recently had



WATER SKI-ERS, LADY PATRICK CRICHTON-

SIR WESTROW HULSE WITH MRS. DIMPY HAMILTON IN A STRIKING DRESS

its opening gala, so now it can indeed be said that the Riviera Summer Season has begun. As regards personalities, the above are just a few picked out for camera attention, and include that great stage favourite of a year or two ago, Anita Elson, who was dining with Herr Bruno Raudnitz, until recently a resident of Prague. Continuing its peregrination, the camera next alighted on the loveliest woman in Europe, the Baronin Gisela von Krieger; with her is Mr. Irving Netcher, the husband of Rosie Dolly, depicted in the next photograph with the famous French screen star, Simone Simon. Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart and Captain John Nelson took part in the water-ski-ing exhibition during the evening, both being great experts. Mrs. Phyllis Allan was with a Monte Carlo regular, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. Lord Queensberry is organising a boxing tournament at the new Monte Carlo Stadium next Saturday. His supper partner was Lady Mappin, the former Ruby Duff. Another Monte Carlo regular is Sir Westrow Hulse, whose wife is the former lovely Amber Orr Wilson. The famous Cresta rider, Mr. Freddie McEvoy, had the famous ballet-dancer Eugenia Delaroba in his party

AT MONTE CARLO RE-OPENS



MILE. SIMONE SIMON CHATTING TO MRS. IRVING NETCHER (ROSIE DOLLY)



LADY MAPPIN WAS DINING WITH THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY



BALLET-DANCER EUGENIA DELAROBA AND MR. FREDDIE McEVOY

AT THE CLONMEL HORSE



MR. AND MRS. VILLIERS-STUART WITH (CENTRE) SIR HAROLD NUTTING, M.F.H.



MR. R. RUSSELL, M.F.H.

AND HOUND SHOW



MR. P. J. GREY, MISS DIANA BELL AND MR. VICTOR McCALMONT



MR. AND MRS. R. C. PRIOR-WANDESFORD STEP OUT



MISS ANNE GREGORY, M.F.H., COLONEL RIVERS-SMYTH AND MISS ANNE HICKMAN, M.F.H.



Photos.: Frank O'Brien
SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH
AND LADY WATERFORD

Clonmel, where they had their annual and always successful horse and hound show, is in Tipperary and most adjacent to at least four other fine fox-hunting domains, amongst them the Kilkenny and its northern offshoot, the Waterford and West Waterford, Duhallow, United and Limerick, and so, as a rule, they never lack entries. This year they had the Quorn Master, Sir Harold Nutting, over to judge the hounds, and a better choice could not have been made. For corroboration vide the Quorn, and before them the Meynell. Sir Harold Nutting has done the right thing in both places. He is seen advancing to the fray with Mr. and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, of Dromana. As was only to be expected, M.F.H.s were as thick as blackberries soon will be. Mr. Russell is joint-Master of the Waterford, and Miss Anne Hickman, daughter of a former M.F.H., the late General Tom Hickman (Albrighton), and Miss Anne Gregory are the joint-Masters of the Western offshoot. Miss Diana Bell is the daughter of a very famous ex-Master of the Blazers and Kilkenny (to mention two), Mr. Ikey Bell, and Mr. Victor McCalmont is the son of Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny. Mr. Prior-Wandesford is joint-Master of the North Kilkenny, and Sir Thomas Ainsworth has been Master of so many—Kildares, Blazers and Meath, for a small taste!

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THE HON. MRS. FAIRFAX-LUCY

The latest addition to our portrait gallery of distinguished people is that of the Hon. Mrs. Fairfax Lucy, wife of Captain Brian Fulke Ramsay-Fairfax-Lucy, who was formerly in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and grandson of the present Sir Henry Cameron-Ramsay-Fairfax-Lucy. Before her marriage in 1933, Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy was the Hon. Alice Buchan, only daughter of Lord Tweedsmuir, who was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1935. To many he will be known better as John Buchan

AT HER HOME, WESTWELL, OXFORD

the author of so many first-rate books, one of which, "The Thirty-Nine Steps," appeared as a film some time ago and is shortly to be reissued. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy writes herself, under her maiden name, and is also a keen amateur actress, with a great flair for producing. Country pursuits appeal to her too, especially anything to do with horses, the Shetland pony being a particular favourite. Through her mother, Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy is a kinswoman of the present Lord Ebury

JOHN BUCHAN'S CLEVER DAUGHTER

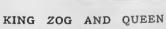
ALBANIAN ROYA











King Zog, ex-King of Albania, who, a victim of the m parts of Europe, was exiled from his country at Easter w lately been paying Poland a visit. Three of his Majest Kemeri and Riga were delighted to welcome them. Little and growing fast, has his own special circle of admirers naturally think the world of him. Queen Geraldine, you in circumstances hardly conducive to cheerfulness, has prova fortitude far beyond her years. It will be remembered birth of her baby, as the result of being forced to travely these photographs were taken King Zog and Queen Gerald in Sweden. They go to France next, and later of



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LTY IN EXILE









might-is-right methods prevalent in certain with his Consort and two-day-old son, has esty's sisters were in the Royal party, and the Prince Alexander, now aged four months res wherever he goes, and his Royal parents routhful, gracious, and consistently cheerful roved herself a wonderful helpmeet, showing pered that she was dangerously ill after the el when in no fit state to be moved. Since addine and the Royal Princesses have arrived on are probably coming to England





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MRS. JOHN PAGE AND MAJOR CHARLES HEZLET POSE FOR THE CAMERA

MIXED CRICKET IN ESSEX



MR. AND MRS. TEDDY HOGG, MR. EDWARD MAYER



MRS. CHARLES WALL GOING IN TO BAT, AND MRS. DELAP



BRIDGE EXPERT MR. EDWARD MAYER
AND MISS ROSEMARY HOWE



WAITING TO BAT: MISS ROSEMARY HOWE AND MISS SUSAN PAWLE



MRS. ANTHONY GOULD WAITS HER TURN

The annual cricket match between Miss Gipsy Lawrence's team and a male team playing left-handed, ended in a win for the Ladies by one run. This match took place at Hythe Hall, Sawbridgeworth, the home of Miss Lawrence's father, Sir Walter Lawrence. The fact that the men played left-handed in no way minimised the very good play by some of the opposite sex. Major Charles Hezlet and Mrs. John Page, both famous in another ball game, namely, golf, were not quite so proficient at cricket; Major Hezlet is a former Irish International, and Mrs. John Page plays to a handicap of two for Berkshire. Mr. Reggie Butterworth knows quite a lot about both games, being a golf and cricket Blue; Mrs. Charles Wall said she never played, but anyhow she put up a very good score and was only beaten by Mrs. Delap, the elder daughter of the house, who knocked up the superb score of 91. Miss Rosemary Howe, in shorts, was, however, not so good, only scoring one run, and her escort, Mr. Edward Mayer, a noted bridge and chess expert, was not very much better. Miss Rosemary Howe and Miss Susan Pawle were the babies of the team; the latter is said to be the prettiest sub-débutante in Essex, and, if the camera does not lie, this is undoubtedly true. Mrs. Anthony Gould acts as Joint Secretary to the Essex Union, and on the same day her husband was playing cricket for the Hunt against the farmers

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A VERY "GOLDEN,"/OCCASION



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
OF TITCHFIELD



LADY MARGARET AND LORD MORVEN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK



LADY ANNE AND LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK



MR. WILLIAM DAVIS AND MISS DOROTHY HOLLOWAY
IN THE WELBECK PAGEANT



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AT HER GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATIONS



LORD BELPER WITH MR. AND MRS. HOGARTH ON THE TERRACE AT WELBECK ABBEY

Some small index of the personal affection in which the Duke and Duchess of Portland are held in their own domestic county is afforded by the fact that at the golden wedding celebrations dealt with in these pictures, Lord Belper headed a deputation from fifty-eight county organisations in Nottinghamshire. This, however, did not represent the full tale of the messages of congratulation which have poured in, for their Graces are universally beloved for their wide charities and countless benevolences. The presentation ceremony took place in the famous underground ballroom, the only one of its kind in England. The actual golden wedding date was June 11, but this Garden Party and Pageant of a page in Welbeck's past history took place on July 21, and there were over 2500 guests present from all walks of life in Nottinghamshire. The family co-operated in the pageant, and in one of the pictures at the top of this page are the Duke and Duchess of Portland's son and granddaughter, Lord Morven and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, brother and daughter of Lord and Lady Titchfield. Lord Titchfield is joint-Master of the historic Rufford, the pack founded by Lord Henry Bentinck in 1834. Miss Dorothy Holloway and Mr. William Davis, who played a bride and bridegroom in the pageant, are engaged to be married, so they were most appropriately cast



THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT IN RANELAGH'S BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS

The competitor is Mrs. A. D. Macdougall in the trout-fly casting for accuracy contest at the British Casting Association's tournament to which so many celebrities came, including the British record holders, Captain T. E. Edwards, who set up a new English record for salmon-fly, Mr. Harold Hardy and F/L. Greenaway, famous anglers all. Miss Tufnell won the women's trout-fly casting competition

F it is true, as an eminent dramatist has endeavoured to convince us, that the Martians are infinitely superior persons to the inhabitants of our own little pimple in the cosmic system, what precious fools they must think us at this epoch: bigger fools, in fact, than they have ever believed us to be in times past. For what do they see and hear by means of their more highly developed wireless system? A world dominated by someone who is a greater autocrat than even the Red Queen, who commanded her gardeners to paint the white roses red upon pain of death by decapitation. How the Martians, only 36,000,000 miles away, must be laughing, especially as they know that we have completely failed to profit by our past experiences of at least four other gentlemen who had ideas closely akin to those of the gentleman with whom we are at this moment concerned. The other gentlemen were Alexander, Attila, Napoleon, and the Kaiser Wilhelm II, and they all came to the end of their tether.



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND THE BRITISH NAVY AT MIAMI The officers with the famous actress, who has a house at Miami, Fla., are Lt. G. S. Lamb and Lt.-Commander J. Bowman-Manifold, both of H.M.S. "Exeter." The object in the box is said to be a fish, and the little tyke's name is "Mr. Mack," his mistress's constant companion

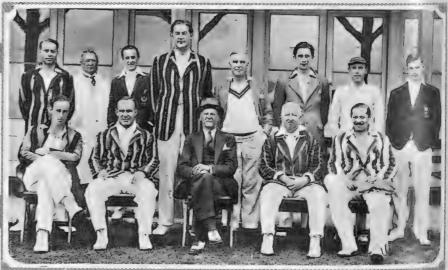
Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

Nobbling," technical expression for doing something to a racehorse, either to prevent his winning when not "wanted" (another well-known technical term) or to prevent his starting at all, is an art of very ancient stand-

ing. It takes many forms. Sometimes it is an operation in which the owner, the trainer, the jockey and even the bookmaker are concerned, and sometimes one in which only two persons need co-operate—the jockey and trainer-and sometimes, as we know from the racing films, some deeplydyed villain from outside those just enumerated, takes a hand. bookmaker, let us say, for convenience sake, represents the Stock Market; the owner the Leader, or Führer, the trainer the Foreign Minister, and the jockey the Prime Minister, for, of course, the last word must rest with him if the project is to pull the horse's head off—as we say on the Turf. The methods employed, as may be common knowledge even to the supposedly simple-minded, but actually very crafty, judiciary, are numerous and quite interesting. Let us examine just a few of them.

There is (a) the crude one of giving the horse a bucket of water just before the race—a process which may be likened to filling people up with propaganda; there is (b) giving the horse some soporific drug: this is also closely akin to what in other spheres we call pulling the wool over people's eyes; (c) shoeing him with plates made of lead; (d) promising the jockey (1) a present, or (2) the worst hiding he has ever had in his life if he should dare to win; (e) getting the animal left a number of lengths at the start; (f) ensuring that he shall get boxed in behind the other runners until it is far too late, and then arranging for the jockey to come with a Chifney rush, which will impress even the most vigilant steward that he is on a trier and not a stiff; and (g) going the wrong course.



THE THESPIDS CRICKET SIDE

The famous stage club whose team recently put Chiswick Park out of action, good and hearty, by three wickets—winners' score, 143 for seven.

The names in the picture are, l. to r. (standing): R. C. Patterson, H. J. Martin (umpire), C. Morley Brown, C. G. Ford, H. Ferguson, Ian Aylmer, J. McNaughton and L. S. Frost; (seated) N. F. Dracopoli, A. Graham Doggart, Brian Egerton (captain), Major F. L. Hamilton and A. H. Gordon





Photos.: Poole, Dublin

AT PHŒNIX PARK RACES: MR. C. S. BIRD AND LADY FINGALL

LIKEWISE: MRS. ROBERT CAZALET, LADY KILDARE AND MR. BRIAN ROGERS

ALSO AT THE MEETING: MRS. VICTOR PARR AND MR. R. P. GILL

They had finer weather for their outdoor sportings in Ireland than we have had recently. In England we fully believe in the Solar Myth. Lady Fingall is seen talking to one of America's millionaires, who is also one of his country's leading sportsmen. Both Mrs. Robert Cazalet and Lady Kildare, seen with a well-known trainer, are famous in Ireland's hunting world. Lord Kildare will be sole Master of the North Kilkenny in the coming season. And, finally, Mrs. Victor Parr, with one of the 16th-5th Lancer subalterns, is an ex-joint-Master of the Meath

It is suggested that we are being afforded some excellent instruction in most if not all these methods at the moment and that all the most, if not all these methods, at the moment, and that all the persons, from the "owner" to the "jockey" and the "bookmaker," are in it up to their ears. The wretched horse, who, we may say, represents the common people, may be as honest as the daylight, but that does not help over-much. Sometimes it happens (when not doped), that the horse takes charge and completely defeats the efforts of the jockey to stop him. It might happen in this Grand International Steeplechase which we are witnessing. On all appearances it seems probable that the "nobblers" have succeeded in preventing at least one possible runner from starting, and they are undoubtedly doing their best to get at two other "possibles."

t a moment when such a barrage of cross words is being rained upon our much-esteemed fellow reaper in the field of letters, "The Thunderer," it would seem to be only the barest justice to record any good deed which it may have to its credit. Ought we not all to give thanks to The Times for having drawn attention to the fact that there is such "lots in a name"? Supposing, for example, Romeo's name had been "Alf" and Juliet had been "Liz," what a flop even Mr. John Gielgud would make of the balcony scene! Similarly, if another hero had had to say: "What a poor and pedant Perce am I!" or the only man who could stay with that bucking brute Bucephalus had been called "Sandy," or a famous female tough guy had said "my existence is a very Tony." The mere contemplation of such possibilities makes one shiver. "Lots in a Name "-yes, indeed!

Qqualus," "Phénix," "Narkhanda," "Thetis," and the last of this too long boat fleet is-what? Coincidence, the act of God, ab hoste humani generis-or what? All these vessels belong to Powers towards which certain other Powers have not exactly friendly feelings, and, after all, we are at White war, which is hardly less pleasant than the hardly less picturesque red kind.



THE CHISWICK PARK C.C. SIDE

The team which entertained The Thespids (see opposite page) at Sutton Court and only knocked up 141 to the actors' 143 for seven.

The names in the group are, l. to r.: (standing) J. Watts, J. Monks, H. Fairbrother, R. Raphael, R. H. Yeatman, P. Perrier, S. Goodman and J. L. T. Sheppard; (sitting) D. Haines, D. C. Smith, F. W. Marshall (captain), D. Browne and A. Horton



A RECENT HOUSE-PARTY AT TYLNEY HALL

Lord and Lady Rotherwick's recent party at their house near Basingstoke. Lord Rotherwick is the former Sir Herbert Cayzer. In the picture are Lt.-Gen. 'Sir John Bill, G.O.C.-in-Chief, Aldershot; Lord Dorchester, Lord and Lady Rotherwick, and the Hon. Molly and the Hon. Tony Cayzer

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

N advertising agency was having a long and tedious consultation with its latest clients, a distillery combine. At last the agency men were cheered by one of the clients saying: "Have you sampled ducts? This is our best Scotch. Anyone got a our products? cork-screw?"

Several pairs of eyes sparkled and several cork-screws

were produced.

The distillery man selected one, expertly removed the cork from the bottle, and said authoritatively: "The proper way to sample whisky is to wet your finger with a couple of drops, then place the finger on the underside of the tongue.

The waxworks show was doing rather badly, and the manager was racking his brains to think how he could carry on.

Then one of the few patrons came up to him:
"Most lifelike, sir," he said. "I really must congratulate
you on your show here. That tableau in the last room the three workmen sitting in front of a hole in the wall—it's the most lifelike thing I've ever seen!

The manager jumped to his feet.
"That one?" he cried. "Why, do you know I'm paying those three men two bob an hour to repair that hole!"

Two men were comparing notes. "And how do you spend

your income?" asked the first.

"About 30 per cent. for shelter, 30 per cent. for clothes, 40 per cent. for food, and 20 per cent. for amusement,"

replied the second.
"But," objected the first, "that adds up to 120 per cent."
"Don't I know it!" groaned the other.

He came round the bend at a terrific speed. There was a sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, completely unhurt, beside the smashed sports car.

He put his arm lovingly round her waist, but she pulled

it away.

"That's all very nice," she said, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of petrol?"

The two fools were in a rowboat in the middle of the ocean. One handled the oars, rowing away for all he was rowing worth. The second sat in the stern, steering the boat by means of a makeshift rudder.

Suddenly a passenger liner came into view. The oarsman kept rowing frantically, pausing only when the liner crossed the path of the rowboat. Then he shouted:

"Hey, there, on board! Is this the Atlantic or the Pacific?"

A sailor aboard the big vessel gazed down at the row-

boat:
"This is the Pacific, of course," he shouted back.

The rudderman waved his fist at his companion in the boat. "You hear that, you dope?" he howled. "I told you not to row so fast!"



MAUREEN RISCOE APPEARING IN FIRTH SHEPHERD'S LATEST PRODUCTION, "SITTING PRETTY"

New to the London stage is Maureen Riscoe, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Arthur Riscoe, just returned from Switzerland, where she has been at a finishing school. Until two months ago her father had no idea of her going on the stage, but this lady had different ideas and is now in the cast of Sitting Pretty, which opened at Blackpool last Monday, and reaches London at the Princes Theatre on August 17. Sitting Pretty has been written by Douglas Furber and set to music by Manning Sherwin. Perhaps one of the most interesting things connected with this revue is in reference to the price of seats which range from 1s. 6d to 10s. and it is not a twice-prictly show of seats, which range from 1s. 6d. to 10s., and it is not a twice-nightly show



KAREN VERNE IN "TEN DAYS IN PARIS"

This charming personality is Irving Asher's new discovery, and is starring opposite Rex Harrison in the new London Film Productions' picture, Ten Days in Paris, now in course of preparation at Denham. The producers call it a "spy comedy" rather after the *Q Planes* type. The ten days in Paris refers to the period of time in which Rex Harrison goes through a mental black-out in that city, during which he gets mixed up with a gang of international spies. The film, which is under the direction of Tim Whelan, is expected to reach the West End in the early autumn

In a certain missionary movement every participant was to contribute ten shillings that she had earned herself by hard work. The night of the collection came, and various and amusing were the stories of the manner in which the money was gained. One woman, however, said that she had got the money from her husband.

her husband.
"From your husband resaid the lady in charge of collection. "But there was no hard work about that."

The woman smiled. "You don't know my husband," she said grimly.

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ROMPING WITH THE STARS



DEANNA DURBIN AND VAUGHAN PAUL ENTERING THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL



A "GONE WITH THE WIND"
PARTY: VIVIEN LEIGH, DAVID
O. SELZNICK, AND OLIVIA DE
HAVILLAND AT THE TROCADERO



HOLLYWOOD PINE SKI-MEET: HENRY FONDA AND MR. AND MRS. GARY COOPER The photographs on this page this week are to do with the lighter side of Hollywood life, as opposed to work. If all reports are true, one of the smart girls has so completely grown up that she has fallen in love. Deanna Durbin is the name, and her father and mother are over here now for a short stay for business reasons. Gone With the Wind really at last seems to have been finished, and the second photograph shows three well-knowns at what is called a Gone With the Wind party, consisting of Vivien Leigh, who plays Scarlett O'Hara, David O. Selznick, and Olivia de Havilland. The last-named has a big rôle in Elizabeth and Essex. Henry Fonda is playing one of the most important rôles that has ever been cast, that of Lincoln in Young Mr. Lincoln. Gary Cooper's new picture is The Real Glory. Lovely Brenda Joyce has just finished a featured part in The Rains Came



Photos.: Hyman Fink
BRENDA JOYCE IN SOMETHING VERY SMART
IN THE CLOTHES LINE



COLLINSTOWN WIN IN DUBLIN

The side led by Major Tommy Kirkwood, the famous secretary of the All-Ireland Polo Club, which beat the Castleknock people by 2 to 1. The names, left to right, are: Major T. W. Kirkwood, Mr. John McCann, Mr. A. D. Cook, and Mr. Denis D. P. Smyly

THE Persian poet Firdausi must have known all about it when he likened polo to the adventures of the swain in the lists of love. He said the polo ball was the heart of the innamorata, and the polo stick, which curved round it, like the love-locks of the troubadour who pursued her. Persian poets were fond of flowery language, but there is many a true word spoken in jest—even by poets. Hymen has been running riot amongst our polo experts, and before proceeding to far duller topics, congratulations to Lord and Lady Cowdray (Lady Anne Bridgeman), the bridegroom the non-playing captain of our 1939 International side; Captain R. H. A. Gough-Calthorpe, formerly Scots Greys regimental team, and in their subalterns' team; Mr. W. G. Lowther, 8th Hussars, son of Sir Charles Lowther, a former pillar of the polo world; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Brassey (Miss Joyce Kingscote), bridegroom formerly in the Scots Greys subalterns' team, the bride daughter of our old friend Captain Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H., Master of the Horse to our 1930 International team, and himself a fine player. Mrs. Brassey is also a daughter of Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, a daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Lord, who was very famous in the hunting world. And this is not even the end of it for Mr. John Lakin, reserve International, 1939, is very shortly to be married to the Hon. Daphne Pearson, a

sister of Lord Cowdray, and No. 1 of the Highfield team which was recently engaged in the Ladies' Polo Championship for the Clanbrassil Cup. In that team, incidentally, were two other sisters of Lord Cowdray, the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon and the Hon. Mrs. Murray. There is also the impending wedding of Mr. Edric Nutting, the Blues' regimental team, and son of the famous Quorn Master, to Lady Rosemary Eliot, a daughter of the late Lord St. Germans and Lady Blanche Douglas, sister of the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H. A heavy matrimonial attack as may be admitted, and I feel sure that Firdausi knew what he was talking about when he linked polo with the tender passion.

Polo's ancient enemy, the weather, who has behaved fairly well most of the season, could not forbear to have one final smack at us, and proceeded to turn the tap on full during the final week of the London campaign, seriously interfering with the very last of the Championships-the Ladies' one. The age of chivalry has been dead for a very long time. but Jupe might have tried to revive it for once. The two teams left in the final were Rugby, half of it from the family of

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

Balding, who had beaten Fontwell Magna (from Dorset) 4 to 3, but only after a dead-heat, and Barton Abbey, which also had a "cadette" of the family of Balding in it, and who had beaten Highfield (the Cowdray team) 4 to 3. The Hurlingham ground was dangerously wet on the 20th, when the final ought to have been played, so it was held up till the following Saturday, when Rugby won by 6 to 3 from Barton Abbey. The progress that ladies' polo in this country has made is very marked, and the performance of all the teams very much superior to what it was when we first saw a ladies' side at Hurlingham, roughly speaking about ten to twelve years ago. It is not, perhaps, a game the average person would pick for the fair, because it can be a

bit tough and rough on occasion. However, a few years ago we said women had no business to ride steeplechases. We have had to alter many ideas since side-saddles became

museum pieces.

The Social Clubs' Cup was another contest badly hampered by the rain, and how they managed to play even such polo as they did on such soggy ground, I do not know. The Cavalry Club "A" won, as most people expected, beating the Bath



THE WARD'S NEW MASTER

Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, who played for the Castleknock team, has just been appointed Joint-Master with Lord Fingall of the Ward Union Staghounds, in succession to Mr. Justice Wylie

> Club 8 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ (rec. $3\frac{1}{2}$), which works out 8 to 4 on level terms. The Cavalry Club team was virtually Captain Alex. Barclay's Edmundsbury side with the 12th Lancers' No. 1, Captain G. J. Kidston, on the front end. As I read it, they were going about two strides to the other people's one all the way over. A very nice team, and the "owner" is a former Queen's Bay (regimental side when it was at about its peak).



CAPTAIN THE HON. RANDAL PLUNKETT

Lord Dunsany's son and heir, who played for Castleknock v. Collinstown in the recent match in Dublin. Captain Plunkett is in the Guides Cavalry and is home on a spot of leave

A FOURTH HUSSARS PARTY AT TIDWORTH





MR. AND MRS. M. O'NEILL TALKING OVER OLD TIMES WITH THE SQUADRON SERGEANT-MAJOR

LT.-COLONEL J. SCOTT-COCKBURN, THE RETIRING C.O., WITH LADY BARNES

LT.-COLONEL AND MRS. N. O. LAING, ON THEIR WAY TO SAY HOW DO YOU DO



MR. AND MRS. OLOFF WIJK FACE THE CAMERA CALMLY



RELATED TO SIR WALTER GILBEY: MR. A. S. GILBEY, MRS. SEBASTIAN GILBEY AND MISS DIANA GILBEY

The 4th Queen's Own Hussars, at Tidworth since last autumn, gave an At Home not long ago, at which Regimental sports provided chief entertainment. It was in the nature of a farewell party for Lt.-Colonel J. Scott-Cockburn, of Kadir Cup fame, as this exceedingly popular C.O. relinquished command, on promotion, a few days later. Most people



MRS. E. G. G. LILLINGSTON AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REGINALD BARNES

command, on promotion, a few days later. Most people
think it a pretty good feat to win the Kadir Cup once. Colonel Scott-Cockburn, it will be remembered, carried off the world's most famous
pig-sticking event no fewer than three times—in 1924, 1925, and 1927—and on the same Indian-bred horse, gallant old Carclew, who was brought
home to England and died full of years and honour not so long ago. The new Commanding Officer is the ex-senior Major, Lt.-Colonel
E. G. G. Lillingston, whose wife is seen with the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes. The latter is an old 4th Hussar,
and he played back for their famous polo team of 1899, which had Mr. Winston Churchill as No. 1 and won the Indian Inter-Regimental.
Mr. Oloff Wijk is Lady Barnes's son by her first marriage with the late Mr. C. D. Wijk; she married Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh's
brother shortly after the Great War

Photographs: Truman Howell

FOUR'S COMPANY AT FRINTON

Mr. and Mrs. John Olliff and Miss Joy Marriott (right), not forgetting Mrs. Olliff's Corgi, Nola. The John Olliffs were both concerned with finals at the Frinton-on-Sea tournament, he being runner-up in the singles (for the third time), and in the mixed doubles, and she winning the handicap doubles

WONDER which club, after Wimbledon, can boast of possessing the best grass courts in the country? From my own experience, I would say St. George's Hill, Weybridge, of the clubs within a near radius of the Metropolis; Edgbaston, in the Midland area; and Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, in the South. But that is simply my own experience. There must be gaps many gaps—in my knowledge, especially as I have played so little on grass courts in the North. Yet isn't it said that the best turf in the world comes from Northumberland? Again, what about the courts at Manchester, where the Harvard and Yale boys-more about them in a moment-made their tournament début in this country; or Scarborough, that is always one of the most popular August meetings; or Buxton? I should like to be informed. Of course, Buxton possesses the sad reputation of often having had its tournament disrupted by the elements, in the past; but this summer, Saturday blanks have recently been the order almost everywhere. For that matter, Edgbaston has an equally bad reputation for wet playing conditions, and my mother tells me that this was even so when she was a girl. This year, however, Edgbaston Club must have set up a new high rainfall record, and one can only put it down to the excellence of the courts that it manages still to attract an entry of international class. On the last Saturday at Wimbledon, during one of the periods while the tarpaulin made hideous the Centre Court, I heard an ample matron, wife of one of the Edgbaston officials, remark with self-conscious pride: "We have a very good entry next week; Von Cramm is coming." But though the German must have been grateful for the invitation, his pleasure in being accepted by the respectable burghers of Birmingham must have somewhat evaporated when he was expected to play his semi-final match in conditions that could

never occur where the Centre Court is concerned. Hence the surprising result. Herman David is a sound player in the second flight; but not in the wildest flights of his imagination could he have expected to defeat Von Cramm in straight sets, with only the loss of six games. Towards the end of the second set, when for some time the German had been too nervous of his limbs to reach for wide balls,

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

and rain had increased its pressure, the umpire suggested an adjournment. The visitor shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. He had suffered so much in the last year. To lose a provincial match in the rain—a pinprick beside the rest. . . .

All the same, having been born and bred in Edg-baston myself, I cannot imagine that Von Cramm obtained much social consolation for his unexpected defeat that evening. Birmingham itself, though hideous architecturally, has magnificent traditions, and has been made by men who have fought a hard, clean fight for their money. Outside it, you find Edgbaston, the snob suburb of the Black Country, full of mausolea and conventional matrons, and about as much real culture or refinement as the characters in an Edgar Wallace novel. And not nearly so much gusto or charm. Still, don't let me put you off entering for Edgbaston next year. I repeat again, the courts are marvellous—when it's not raining; and you'll find the tennis dance a riot of fun. Besides, I freely admit

to being prejudiced. I wonder whether you won't think I have good reason when you hear my story. It's a very sad one, so get out your handkerchief, please. As a schoolboy I had aspirations, like many others, to become one day a first-class tennis player. "The dream is over . . . the melody lingers on." And I can still recapture the thrill of expectation when I managed to win the South of England junior championship two years running, and was elected as a junior member of Edgbaston. In those days-it may still persist-they had a rule that a junior member might only play in the summer holidays, or, if domiciled all the year round in Edgbaston, on a Sunday. As I was at a day school in Birmingham, I used to put on my flannels and take my racket and walk the three miles to the club, to arrive punctually at three o'clock every Sunday afternoon. Then I took up my position in the porch of the club-house, and waited, hopefully the first two Sundays, then incredu-lously, finally despairingly. Because no one so much as passed the time of day with me, let alone suggested a game. (Yet what is the definition of a club unless it is that of a community in which all the members, sharing some common love, are of mutual assistance to each other?) It was just another version of Charlie Chaplin's famous tea-party. Finally, after miserably mooning around for three hours, watching matches where few of the exponents came up to my schoolboy standard, I would walk the three miles home again, and, in answer to any family query, would proffer always the same answer: "Rather, I had a fine game, thank you."

In the end, I did have several "fine" games on those wonderful courts. For Keats Lester, at that time, with "Bunny" Austin, considered the most promising player at the varsity, took pity on me, for we had met in a

tournament, and I shall be grateful all my life to him for his patience and his generosity; and also to Tom Gaunt, who is now headmaster of Malvern, and enjoying a brilliant career, but who was then a Cambridge Blue, whose family were also domiciled in Edgbaston. Perhaps it is a sidelight on the swiftness of his scholastic fame that he should have seen and taken trouble over the possibilities of a raw youth (Continued on page ii)



Photos: Stuart
MISS VALERIE SCOTT

Who advanced several rungs up the ladder of tennis fame by beating Wimbledon finalist, Miss Kay Stammers, 6–0, 5–7, 7–5, in the final of the Frinton tournament. Miss Scott, partnered by tiny Mlle. Körmöczy, also won the Ladies' Doubles, at the expense of Miss Stammers and Miss Ingram, and she and John Olliff were runners-up to G. P. Hughes and Miss Stammers in the mixed. She has been chosen for this year's Wightman Cup team



AT THE BEAUFORT PUPPY SHOW: MRS. BUTT MILLER AND LADY HELENA GIBBS

UPON VARIOUS RECENT OCCASIONS



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT



Photos. Dennis Moss
LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT AND THE DUKE
OF BEAUFORT, M.F.H.



AT THE FERMOY CARNIVAL:
LADY PATRICIA WARD, MR. JOHN RAWLINS
AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH



L. to r.: Miss Jane Woodroffe, Mrs. James Ismay, Mrs. Woodroffe, Miss Sheila Mackintosh,
Lady Jean Mackintosh and Islay Sismey

It has been said ere now that they do not know how to breed a bad hound at Badminton and many of us believe that this is absolutely true. If they do get one that is wrong we never see him! The Beaufort Darnley won both the Championship and the Stallion Hound Cup at Peterborough this year, and for the latter prize their Palafox was runner-up last year. It seems rather redundant therefore to say that the entry this year was good. Domino was returned the winning dog hound. The Duchess of Beaufort may be holding one of her private pack which gives the local rabbits such a thin time. Lady Kathleen Eliot is a niece of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and a daughter of Lady Blanche Douglas, and Lady Helena Gibbs is a sister of the Duchess. Lady Charles Cavendish, seen in the Fermoy group with Lord Dudley's youngest sister, judged the costumes at the recent carnival and afterwards gave away the prizes. The occasion of the launching of a new lifeboat is always an important event, and the yachting population of Bembridge turned out in force to witness it. Lady Jean Mackintosh is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and Mrs. Woodroffe, whose daughter is also in the picture, is Brigadier-General "Dick" Woodroffe's wife



Howard Barrett

NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT GREAT HUCKLOW, DERBYSHIRE

The above photograph shows some of the hardy people who lived in tents and caravans on the heights of the Peak District for the purpose of organising, running, and competing in the National Gliding Championships held recently. Flights totalling 1839 miles were made, and just over 400 miles soaring accomplished.

Names, I. to r., are: F. N. Slingsby (Slingsby Sailplanes), Squadron-Leader P. M. Watt, G. O. Smith (Contest Committee) (both these last two competed), C. A. Kaye (hon. sec., Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club), C. M. Verity, A. A. Verity, Mrs. E. Swale, C. Faulkner, W. M. Neill, Mrs. B. A. G. Meads, G. F. Harris, Mrs. W. M. Neill, Mrs. F. Coleman, E. Swale (vice-chairman Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club), B. A. G. Meads

Exercise.

T 20.00 hours on this coming Saturday, August 5 (and I am going to leave you to convert that 20.00 to summer time, solar time, or Greenwich mean time, according to your fancy)—at 20.00 hours, I say, the Royal Air Force

exercises are due to begin. They will be, this year, bigger and better than in any previous year. The Royal Air Force has been renovated and re-vitalised, and is now moving towards a peak efficiency in training and in equipment. There has been of late a tendency for this country to sing its own praises while affirming that it never does sing its own praises. Publicist after publicist proclaims bombastic manner that we lack bom-bast. "In this country," he will cry, amidst thunders of applause, "we don't say much about ourselves and what we can do. We prefer to keep silent; to go quietly about our business and let others do the talking. Yet I say, in all sincerity, that we are the greatest people on earth; the finest country in the world; the most honest, efficient, moral, clever, wealthy, handsome and healthy creatures in the universe." (Cheers.)

We have heard that kind of thing quite a lot lately about our air defences. And it is true that they are good. But, for heaven's sake, let us retain our critical faculties. Do not let us slip into this blather of boost and forget that efficiency is maintained only when there is constant and keen criticism. Let us, during these coming Royal Air Force exercises, watch events with care and try to spot weaknesses and to direct attention to them. It is because the defence forces of a democracy are sharpened by criticism that, in the end, they become better than those in a totalitarian state.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



ROYAL AERO CLUB RALLY AT DEAUVILLE

Among the many people taking part in this very successful function were Captain Rupert (Mossie) Preston and Mrs. Charles Vernon-Wentworth. Captain Preston is Hon. Secretary of the Household Brigade Flying Club. Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth's bushard is a Crenadian and heir to worth's husband is a Grenadier and heir to Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire. More photographs of this event on the opposite page

Coming Changes.

One of the things which calls for close inspection is the plan for changing over service equipment. At the moment our Royal Air Force aeroplanes-such as the Spitfires and the Hurricanes and the Wellingtonsare up-to-date. We are on the crest of

a wave of technical progress begun by the Schneider Trophy races. But in two years those aeroplanes will no longer be up-todate. What is being done now to enable the change to new types that must be begun within two years to take place smoothly? For if there is no war this year, we must still continue our preparations until such time as Germany no longer threatens anyone. Some interesting new aeroplanes are coming along, but the problem of switching the great factories from existing types to the new types is one of enormous complexity, because production rates must be maintained during the

Machines make machines, and before a factory can turn out a single aeroplane on a production basis, it must be pre-pared and trained and drilled and equipped. It must be fitted up with the jigs and tools which are wanted for the construction of that particular aero-plane; and when once so fitted up it cannot turn out any other aeroplane on a production basis. The result is that a change from one aeroplane to another involves a period of re-equipment of the factory, during which it turns out no aeroplanes. It seems to me that a special study of the adaptability of jigs and tools will have to be under-taken so as to reduce the time spent in re-equipping. Our aircraft works must not only be able to turn out huge numbers of aeroplanes; but they must also be able to switch from one type to a more up-to-date type with a minimum loss of time. Here is the big new problem.

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FLIERS AT DEAUVILLE: THE ROYAL AERO CLUB RALLY



EARLY ARRIVALS: LORD SELBY AND MR. R. H. SANDEMAN



THE WINNERS: F./LT. AND MRS. ALAN HOLE



SIR RALPH AND LADY HARE HAD A ROUGH PASSAGE



CAPTAIN C. BEBBE, THE HON. CHARLES WINN, AND THE HON. GEORGE WARD



MISS GWEN BANCE AND CAPTAIN E. KEITH DAVIES



MR. GEOFFREY ALDRICH-BLAKE, SIR FRANCIS WINNINGTON, AND MR. LIONEL STONE

When they all got to Deauville all was well, for there were creature comforts waiting for them at the Welcome party at the new bar, but some of them had a roughish passage before they landed, notably Sir Ralph Hare and his pretty, fair-haired wife. He is Household Brigade Flying Club, and was part of a strong contingent, as Mr. Geoffrey Aldrich-Blake (late Welsh Guards), Sir Francis Winnington (ditto), and Mr. Lionel Stone (late Coldstream) were also H.B.F.C. The winners, Flight/Lieutenant and Mrs. Alan Hole, put up a good performance, as they took off from Hatfield in dense fog and got to Deauville in front of all the English starters. Some others, from Le Touquet and Paris, had got there before them. Mr. Charles Winn, Mr. George Ward, and Captain Bebbe were no sooner there than they were gone again, as they hopped off back to England, missing the Grand Gala at the Ambassadeurs. Captain Keith Davies was the checker-in, and his ticket number, which he got in 1910, is 22. Miss Gwen Bance is one of the Royal Aero Club's most attractive members

THE DUBARRY DIAMOND

By PETER FABRIZIUS

ELL," said Ben Grant, shrugging his shoulders, "we may as well say good-bye to it." In his hand was a diamond about the size of a hazel

nut, which reflected the light in fiery rays of all colours of the rainbow. "After all, it's been in our family for over two hundred years."

'For goodness' sake, don't get sentimental, replied his sister, Polly. You'll soon through your share and I shan't lend you any

more!" "I know that," growled Ben, "simply because you will spend yours before I shall! It's lucky I came across old Morrison. On paper the stone is worth a fortune, but people don't spend fortunes nowadays, unless it 's someone who will give a fancy price because it was the first present which Louis XV. gave to Madame Dubarry. Anyway, old Morrison is springing fifty million

francs!"
"What sort of a man

is he?"
"Haven't you met
him? He's been here to see the stone four times already. Oh, of course, you were in Paris at the time. Well, he's a funny old American who's paying not only for the intrinsic value of the diamond, but also for its romantic history. He's full of fads. Just imagine, he's coming from Paris and is travelling all through the. night in a slow, stopping train! A man who is paying a fortune for a diamond! By the way, we have got to meet him at the station tomorrow—at six o'clock in the morning!"

At this moment Mme. Blanche, the housekeeper, came in. "I've laid the supper, Mademoiselle. Is there anything else you require?'

"No, thank you, Mme. Blanche. You can go home."

Ben Grant waited until she had left the room and then locked the diamond in the hidingplace which he kept secret from everyone except his sister.

J. P. Morrison was seated in a first-class compartment of the Paris-Marseilles train with the blinds drawn. He was an elderly man with graying hair, a slight stoop, and a dark, bushy moustache which was obviously dyed. When the ticket collector came into the carriage Morrison asked him, in the usual mistrustful tone he employed:



MR. A. H. MOLE, CHAMPION ARCHER OF ENGLAND (RIGHT) AND MR. J. FLINTON

At the ninety-second Grand National Archery Meeting, held in Wor-cester College Gardens, Oxford. Mr. Mole, of Surrey Bowmen, put up a score which has not been equalled for seventy years, and, in fact, has only once before been exceeded. His hits were 248 and his score 1234. He won the Champion Gold Medal, the Sped-ding Challenge Cup, and the Reid Challenge Cup for most golds



ALSO AT THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING Captain A. H. James, R.N., the Champion of the West of England (Royal Toxophilite Society), and Mr. W. Melville Foster, who is honorary secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society, in Worcester College grounds, where the big shoot was held

"What's the last stop before Marseilles?"
"Aix-en-Provence, monsieur," replied the collector, look-

ing at the ticket with a puzzled air.

"Will you kindly call me just before we reach Marseilles -that is to say, between Aix and Marseilles? I have to see to some important business to-morrow and I want to sleep as long as possible to-night."

Certainly, monsieur. But, if I may ask, would you not have been more comfortable had you taken the express? There's one that leaves Paris half-an-hour after us and

gets to Marseilles two hours before us."
"I know, but I didn't want to arrive in Marseilles at four o'clock in the morning. I 'd rather spend the whole night undisturbed

in this compartment."

He might also have added that he had a large sum in cash on him and that a theft in a stopping train was not very likely. the careful Mr. Morrison preferred to keep this to himself. He gave the official a large tip and lay down on the seat, hoping for a quiet night. As the collector left the carriage a young man wearing an unpleasantly glaring red necktie stood to one side, and Mr. Morrison had the impression that he must have been listening to the conversation. For a short while he lay perfectly still, then jumped up and opened the door suddenly but the corridor was empty.

They had passed Aix-en-Provence, the last stop before Marseilles. The ticket collector, mindful of his tip, walked down the train until he came to Morrison's com-

partment. The train was fairly empty, and only a young man wearing a striking red necktie was to be seen in the corridors. The collector knocked at the door. As there was no response he opened it and found Morrison lying asleep.
"Wake up, monsieur!

The next stop is Marseilles."

Morrison jumped. "Eh?...Oh. yes Thank you. I've just got time to tidy myself, haven't I?"

At Marseilles station he was met by Grant, who had with him a pretty and beautifully dressed woman. She was introduced to Morrison as "My sister, Polly, half-owner of the diamond.'

"And, I hope, in agreement with the

sale?"
"But of course, and, incidentally, she holds my power of attorney. Now, come along; we'll get a taxi."

Grant's house was about a quarter of an hour's drive outside Marseilles. Mme. Blanche had breakfast ready by the time they arrived, (Continued on page 226)



"Where's Master?"

.... With friends, enjoying a "BLACK & WHITE", the popular blend of rare old Scotch Whisky that relieves fatigue and renews energy.

"BLACK & WHITE" is a most effective stimulant in these days of stress. Be sure to ask for it by name—

"BLACK&WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"



C.J.L. (4)

THE DUBARRY DIAMOND—(Contd. from page 224)

and Grant insisted on their guest having some refreshment before talking business. Eventually, Ben got up from the table.

Well, I'll go and get the stone. Everything's quite clear, isn't it? Fifty million francs, of which one million is to be paid in cash immediately as deposit. You've brought the money with you?'

Morrison nodded. He unbuttoned his waistcoat and pulled out a little linen bag, which was hung round his neck by a stout cord. He counted out the notes on to the table.

Right," said Ben, his eyes sparkling, "I'll go and fetch it." He went into the next room. A shout was heard, and Ben appeared in the doorway, his face as white as a sheet. "The diamond's not there," he cried. "Stolen!"

Polly sprang to her feet and rushed past her brother. Morrison carefully gathered up his money and put it away before following them, his face wearing an expression of suspicion.

At first glance the room appeared to be undisturbed. But Ben pointed to a small picture lying on the floor. picture had hung in front of the safe in which the diamond was kept. Now the safe was open, obviously forced, and empty. Ben was already telephoning to the police.

A few minutes later Inspector Lebret arrived. The facts were quickly discovered. The thief had entered the house by the window and, without disturbing anything else in the house, had broken open the safe.

"Who knew where the diamond was kept?" asked the

Inspector.
"Only my brother and I," answered Polly. "We even kept it secret from Mme. Blanche, although she has been with us for over ten years and is as honest as the day.

Mme. Blanche was questioned. She had spent the night, as usual, at her own home in Marseilles, and had arrived at the Grant's house a few minutes after six. The brother

and sister had already left for the station to meet Mr. Morrison. She had a latch key. She had not noticed anything suspicious.

"Was the stone insured against theft?" asked the Inspector. Ben nodded. "Only for ten million francs-about a fifth of its value. Mr. Morrison was going to pay fifty millions for it."

Morrison pulled a face as if to imply that he was sick of the whole business. "So my journey has all been for nothing. And I came here four times before I made up my mind. Well, that's that!"

"You'll get the diamond all right," said Ben, reassuringly "It must be found.'

Morrison's shrug showed that he was not so optimistic. "Very well, I'll give you till to-morrow morning," he murmured.

The Inspector was just stating his opinion that the thief had probably left Marseilles hurriedly, and that, according to the footprints, had arrived from that direction, when a young man entered the room. To Mr. Morrison's annoyance he recognised the young man as the travelling companion with the red tie.

"Are you from the police?" he growled.
"No," replied the other in a friendly way, "the Press. My chief thought that I might get something sensational

out of the sale of the Dubarry diamond."
"Somebody else has seen to that," said the Inspector, ironically. The reporter excitedly made notes of all the facts.

Any suspicions?" he asked.

"Yes, and no," replied the Inspector diplomatically. "In theory it might, for instance, be Mme. Blanche, but in fact it is not, for I have checked her statement by telephone and find that she has a cast-iron alibi. Then there 's Mr. Grant and his sister . . .

"I beg your pardon . . ." interrupted Polly, while her brother merely shrugged his shoulders.

I am speaking theoretically," continued the Inspector. "But you were the only two who knew of the hiding place, or so you thought, but the thief must also have known it.

Mr. Morrison must have known it also," said the reporter, " for he has been to see the diamond four times."

The American's face took on an even more unpleasant expression.

No suspicion can be attached to Mr. Morrison," said the pector. "I have been on to Marseilles station. The ticket Inspector. collector confirms that he got on the 8.12 train at Paris and. was met this morning at 6.20 by Mr. and Miss Grant."

"What does that prove? I have no experience in crime detection, but plenty of journalistic imagination. Mr. Morrison joined the train at Paris and left it at Marseilles. What

you don't know is what happened in between!"
"But, good heavens! What could happen in a travelling

train?

The Inspector got no further. There was a loud report. and only the fact that the journalist was in time to knock the revolver out of Morrison's hand prevented that man from shooting himself. With a quick movement he pulled off a wig from the American's head, revealing a shock of dark hair, and, after a search, the diamond was found in a bag

hanging round his neck.

"Do you now see what can happen in a travelling train?" asked the reporter, after Morrison had been overpowered and handcuffed.

"But how was it possible?"

"Well, a man can get in a slow, stopping train at Paris and during the journey would be fairly undisturbed in his firstclass compartment. could get out of the train at Sens and change into the express, arriving at Marseilles at four o'clock in the morning, hurry to this house, carry out the theft, then rush on to the station at Aix-en-Provence, join the slow train again, and a few minutes later be met at Marseilles. This house is approximately midway between the two stations, and it was on that fact that the whole of Morrison's plan was built up. And it would have succeeded had I not wanted to interview him in the train and happened to see him get out at Sens and join the train again at Aix. But I did not see the point of this manœuvre until I heard of the theft of the diamond. Now, if you'll excuse me? I must telephone my chief so as to get this in the early editions.

THE END.



Ursula Powys-Lybbe

MRS. ROSA LEWIS

An unusual study, taken in her famous hotel in Jermyn Street, of one of the outstanding Edwardians left to us. Mrs. Lewis used to cook for King Edward, Lord Ribblesdale and Lord Randolph Churchill. She established "The Cavendish," that kindly rendezvous for very many well-known people, particularly the "young men about town." King Edward quickly saw her culinary genius, and it has been stated that he would only accept an invitation to dinner if Mrs. Lewis cooked it





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THE TATLER No. 1088, August 2, 1939



Drawn by Bernard Dove

THE KING'S HEAD, RUDGWICK, SUSSEX

A few miles from Horsham lies this pretty little village, with its old buildings clustered round the church. The King's Head, its walls hung with tiles in the picturesque Sussex fashion, is extremely interesting as being one of the very few remaining "church-inns" in the country. It is not certain whether the original inn or the church was built first, but it is no exaggeration to say that the King's Head is actually in the churchyard, for it is definitely stated that the churchyard extends 9 ft. into what is now the rear boundary of the inn. Here at Rudgwick, in 1717, was born Reynell Cotton, destined to be the author of the best song in praise of cricket. In the old church is a list of vicars dating from 1396

American Food and Service.

OSTON, Mass., welcomed us at the end of our American trip with a police escort and a thermometer standing at 96°. Even the inhabitants of the city said it was hot. We had covered over

330 miles that day, with one stop for lunch at a country house restaurant, which surprised us by producing a closely printed two-page menu. The service was more sprightly than usual as they realised we were in a hurry. For apparently the reason why it is generally so languid, is that the Americans don't like to be hurried over their meals. Thus, in many places, we have taken our seats, waited ten minutes, and had our glasses filled with ice water. After a further delay the glasses are replenished. Then a waiter appears and we give our order. More time elapses and the first course appears. After a suitable time for meditation the rest of the meal arrives. Tea or coffee is served as the principal drink with the main course, and dessert consisting of what we call sweets, fruit, and ice cream concludes the meal.

In many of the restaurants pipe smoking is barred, though the aroma of some of the cigars seems to me far less fragrant than that of the pipe. However hot it is, one is not allowed to discard one's coat, which gives the women with their flimsy attire an unfair advantage.

How to Tour America Cheaply

had lunch with a charming and well-travelled young couple who lived on the outskirts of Boston. They had recently returned from a six months' visit to England, and were shortly introducing to New England the three commodities which they thought we made better than they did. The elected trio were bicycles, old pewter and dart-boards! As many of the Junior Car Club party are already planning an American tour for 1940, I asked my friends for their views. In reply they pointed out that we had not scratched the surface of real America. All we had done was to stay at de luxe hotels, meet rich and important people and career down the main roads. From our talk, a cheap and amusing plan evolved itself. As the East is principally a manufacturing

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

district, it was suggested that one might on a future occasion take train to Santa Fé in mid-America, and then buy a good used car "vetted" by an expert mechanic. The tour of the West and Middle West would include the Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam, the Pacific coast and Teton Mountains,

which though less famous than Yellowstone Park, are far more lovely, unspoilt and unusual. One would then work East again and sell the car at some sacrifice.

Cost of Touring in the States.

It is not easy on a whirlwind Autocheque tour of this sort, in which we pay a round sum in advance, to gain an accurate idea of what touring costs in America. This trip, of course, has been a *de luxe* affair. We have stayed at such notable places as the Waldorf Astoria in New York, the Ritz Carlton in Boston, where I am writing this despatch, the Greenbriar at White Sulphur Springs, the Statler at Detroit, and the Blackstone at Chicago. Two pounds a day might be spent here quite easily. At the other end of the scale are innumerable Tourists' houses and roadside cabins, the latter being clustered in groups numbering anything from half a dozen to four or five times that number. the charges for a bedroom vary from three to eight shillings per person, per night. The cabins are often set in delightful surroundings, either in the woods, beside a river, on a hillside or merely alongside the road. They are just large enough to contain a double bed, and a partitioned-off toilet, hot and cold wash-basin and shower. Electric light and power for heating food are laid on. The beds are soft, the linen and furnishings clean, and extremely simple. If one does not propose to do one's own cooking, a central restaurant is usually available. One can bring one's own bedding and arrive as late as midnight and depart as early as 4 a.m. if need be. Other meals, taken at pleasant roadside restaurants, snack bars or counters, should average not more than two shillings each, which enables one to board and lodge oneself for something between ten and fifteen shillings a day. As fuel is less expensive than in England, touring can, therefore, be enjoyed most economically. The trip from the Atlantic

228



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'ATS OFF TO THE A.T.S.!



SENIOR COMMANDANTS: LADY COVENTRY AND MRS. FERGUSON



Photos: Truman Howell

UNDER CANVAS AT TIDWORTH: THE STAFF OF THE SOUTH MIDLAND GROUP

Seated: Group-Adjutant R. Guggisberg, and Company Commanders Lady Katharine Cairns (Somerset) and Mrs. Carlisle (Berks). Standing: Company Commander Mrs. Higgins (Worcs), Company Commander Mrs. Pape (Berks), Deputy Company Commander Miss Steer (Glos), Company Commander Mrs. Holliss (Bucks), Company Commander Mrs. Warwick (Hunts), Company Commander Miss Smallwood (Warwick), and Company Commander Mrs. Combe (Oxon)

All these pictures were taken at the Southern Command A.T.S. Camp at Tidworth,



SECTION LEADER LAD' E. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE

All these pictures were taken at the Southern Command A.1.S. Camp at Tidworth,
where 100 officers and over 1,000 other ranks did a week's training under canvas,
rain on most days, working pretty long hours, and apparently just as happy as the proverbial sand boys. There's no doubt about it, the women's army of
today's all right, from its senior officers down to that grand girl Mary Atkins herself. At this camp, Senior Commandant Lady Coventry was responsible 1-01
only for her own Worcestershire troops but also for the Somerset contingent, in the absence of Senior Commandant Mrs. Gibbs, on the sick list through
devotion to duty. Mrs. Angus Ferguson, who changed into mufti before departure from camp, is Senior Commandant for Northants. Lady Elizabeth PleydedBouverie, Orderly Section Leader for the day when photographed, holds N.C.O. rank in a Hampshire company. In all, fourteen counties were represented.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The past season has been a difficult one for breeders of dogs. "To breed or not to breed" has been the question. It seems the best way is to go quietly on, breeding a few litters from the best only, remembering especially in the case of the big breeds, that if these are let go it will be difficult to start them again. If fewer litters are breed from indifferent dogs it will be all to the bred from indifferent dogs it will be all to the good. Unfortunately, no check is put on the mongrel bitch, which is breeding as gaily as ever.

The Chow belongs to the great Spitz family, dogs with prick ears and curly tails. This is one of the oldest types, remains of them many thousands years old have been discovered. The Chow breeds remarkably true to type and Chow puppies are the most delightful little animals. Chows are dogs of great character, devoted without obsequiousness to their owners, and quite indifferent to the rest of the world. They are about the only breed that has developed

traffic sense, and one sees many out alone in London, where they can well take care of themselves. Miss Buckley owns a strong kennel of Chows and has bred many good ones. She sends a remarkable photograph of a group of her prize winners, where their quality can be seen, puppies for sale, all well bred and carefully reared. She usually has a few

It is only a few years since the Corgi made his first appearance on the show



WINNING SEALYHAMS Property of Mrs. Baylay



Property of Miss Hawkins

bench, but he has become exhave also sent c e e d i n g l y popular, both as companion and show proposition. He adore and is a very attractive-looking dog, and has great intelligence which is amusing comshown by the high place he now takes in panions. Letters

dogs to America, Canada, South Africa, Italy, and Holland. Sealies, would rather have them than any other breed they are such

Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

well-known kennel of Corgis; has done well with them at all the principal shows. She also owns a herd of pedigree Anglo-Nubian goats. The dogs and puppies are all brought up on goats milk, which Miss Hawkins finds gives the best results of any food. The photograph is of two of the milkers. The goat on the left gave the highest recorded yield of any recorded Anglo Nubian last year, being over 200 gallons, and the other wasn't far behind her. Goats are very attractive animals besides their utility, as they seem to get on very well with dogs, and soon become friendly with their owner, who they will follow about if kindly treated. I wonder more people don't keep them

people don't keep them.

Another Welsh dog, this time the everpopular Sealyham. Mrs. Baylay sends a
photograph and Miss Baylay sends the following
interesting notes. "The photograph includes
two house-bred champions, Slenden Painted
Lady, and Slenden Prima Donna. The former is our devoted house companion and when she is

Hawkins not producing families which have all inherited her particularly sweet disposition goes everywhere with my mother. One of our stud dogs, Slenden Popinjay, is also a house pet, he has been to three shows this year and won at them all. We pride ourselves that all our dogs have very sweet dispositions and we never breed from anything that has not. We always have puppies and older dogs for sale, all bred from bitches and all carefully reared. We have recently sent a dog to Germany which won all he could at his first two shows. We

Ralbh Robinson

GROUP OF CHOWS Property of Miss Buckley

obedience tests.

Miss Hawkins

owns a very



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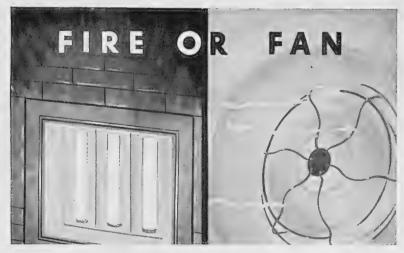
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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 228)

in his early 'teens. Well, the whirligig of time brings its own revenges, and I only trouble to tell this story now in the hope that it may save other enthusiastic youngsters from a similar fate. For, mark you, I don't think the Edgbaston seniors were more clanny and snobbish as regards their tennis than the members of many other provincial clubs. The truth is, in this country, we don't welcome readily, the "young idea," whatever its aspirations, in the way that they do, for instance, in America. In this country, the theory is put forward that it is better that we should develop late. Better for the youngsters who eat out their hearts, longing for encouragement, and coaching, and partisanship or better for the old 'uns, who have already dug their feet in, and don't like the idea of being dislodged, or their reputation scotched by children half their age? This week these children will be pouring back from school, eager to make the most of their summer holidays. It is up to all of us to see that they do. I believe most sincerely that if every even moderate player in every club in the country would attach unto himself or herself a junior protégé, and make it their business to see that Junior got plenty of good tennis during the coming weeks, and plenty of good discipline, too—go out for half an hour, and practise your service, and you shall play for the club's second team on Saturday we should soon be producing champions at the age of Bobby Riggs, and plenty of them, too.

All the same, it is difficult to be optimistic in the present state of the weather that for weeks now has been ruining the grass season. Really, it does seem as though the very seasons have got crisis nerves, too, for I can say in all honesty that during the last six days I have motored over six hundred miles and only seen the sun once for a few hours. And here I am writing this, on the edge of Dartmoor, which is completely obscured by a dreary, drizzling mist and wondering why I ever troubled to pack my tennis things. Oh yes, I know why I did. I had a date to play some exhibition matches at a charming, unspoiled little place in south Devon, called Seaton, and that turned out to be the one bright spot in my one week's holiday this year. I stayed at the Beach Hotel, which as I was there in a private capacity, I have much pleasure in now recommending publicly and wholeheartedly, for its beds were inducive to pleasant dreams and its cuisine to second helpings, especially of the local lobsters . . . and let me point out to tennis enthusiasts looking for a holiday meeting or two, that Seaton has a very jolly little tournament, starting August Bank Holiday week. Actually, I didn't play my tennis at the local club, but at Warner's Holiday Camp, which

isn't planned on such a wholesale scale as the one I recently visited in Skegness, but possesses a distinct personality and charm of its own.

And, oh the relief to be away for a few hours from people who will talk about nothing except Hitler's next move. Here there was nothing but smiling, carefree faces, while the physical standard of perfection among the tennis players and participants in the swimming gala would have made the enemies of our country, if only they possessed eyes to see, revise their opinion about the supposed decadence of our youth. As for the L.T.A., if they weren't quite so purblind, too, I would suggest that they made a tour during August of such youth camps as the ones run by Major Warner at Seaton and Dovercourt, or the Butlin ones at Skegness and Clacton, and I am not at all sure that they wouldn't find the material for half a dozen Perrys among the campers, who, despite the handicap of never having handled a first-class racket or thrown up new balls with which to serve, possess a surprisingly shrewd idea of the game, even when their execution, for obvious reasons, is sometimes lacking in polish. A few lessons from Maskell, and some of these boys, and girls too, would be toppling over wellestablished reputations in the tennis world.

Seaton, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Torquay—as I drove along the coast last week, I found myself envying with all my heart the lucky players who will be able to play in these tournaments, once more come round again. I cannot think of any better cure for the jitters, than such a tour, ending up at Eastbourne, for the South of England Championships, early in September. Eastbourne, which thanks to the Duke of Devonshire's wise example and the inspired town council, hasn't changed its spacious, beautiful layout in the twenty years since I was a schoolboy there. It was a real thrill for me to visit the Devonshire Park courts again, as verdant and true as ever, and they were putting up the stands for an international match, but the Harvard and Yale match against Oxford and Cambridge's united team, to be played during Bank Holiday weekend, has been changed to the Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead. Make the journey if you get the chance. For I hear good advance reports of the American team. that includes a younger brother of Mrs. Fabyan. But I shall be able to give you a closer description next week, as a scratch team I've had the pleasure of getting up myself, and which includes the names of Malfroy, Sharpe and Avory, so that it should give some account of itself, is tackling the Americans at St. George's Hill very shortly. A perfect setting for any match. If only the weather would get over its crisis

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 228)

to the Pacific can be done in eight days by driving hard. If one takes a fortnight there will be plenty of time to see the sights and to keep down the daily run to a reasonable length.

Our day at Detroit, where General Motors, Ford and Chrysler between them make most of the world's motor cars, provided some astonishing contrasts. It started with a quick look round the Plymouth car assembly plant which produces three cars for each minute of its working day. Here are some interesting figures. The plant covers 26 acres and is the largest one-roof factory in the world. It produces 2,300 cars per day as a maximum and employs 10,000 hands working four 73-hour days a week at a minimum daily wage of 24s. The plant is half a mile long and as much as 60 per cent of the parts being assembled are carried on overhead conveyers. This in itself effects a great economy in the use of space. One shift of men starts at 7 a.m., breaks for a canteen snack taken near the conveyers from 11 to 11.30 a.m., and then knocks off at 3 p.m. The second shift works from 4 p.m. to midnight with a similar sort of break. Though the tasks are simplified to the extreme, the men looked intelligent, healthy and well cared for.

From the plant we went to the Chrysler offices, modern, magnificent, airy and spacious buildings, where we learned that this group, making Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler and De



Truman Iiowell

WITH THE 96th (ROYAL DEVON YEOMANRY) FIELD REGIMENT R.A. (T.A.) IN CAMP

This photograph taken quite recently at West Down, Salisbury Plain, where the Royal Devon Yeomanry are carrying out their annual training. On the left is Brigadier H. J. G. Gale, C.R.A. the 43rd Division, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. G. Fortescue, the Commanding Officer, who is a brother of the Hon. Colonel Lord Fortescue, is on the right

Soto cars as well as various tracks, could produce some 6,000 cars each day. In their twenty-four different plants they give employment directly to 75,000 men and to a further 20,000 men who make bodies for them at the Briggs plant. Besides these plants in Detroit, the company has fifty-two other plants scattered over various

parts of the globe. On the shores of Lake St. Clair outside Detroit we saw another side of American life in the form of the most gracious hospitality offered us at the Yacht Club by Mr. W. Ledyard Mitchell, once varsity runner and now one of the vice-presidents of the Chrysler enterprise. This cool and spacious place reminded me of buildings I'd seen in Spain, while its position on the lake edge suggested the atmosphere of Monte Carlo with its harbours, piers, yachts and crowds of gaily-dressed young people disporting themselves in the swimming-pool. We had a simple but exceptionally interesting and most edible American lunch, after which some of us talked and others baked in the sun. On the way back; escorted by police on motor cycles (pronounced sickles"), we passed the best residential part of Detroit where live the motor car magnates and other wealthy manufacturers. Their homes look straight over the lake without a fence to interrupt the view. The lake, by the way, measures some 22 by 40 miles, and though we saw it sweltering in a temperature of over 90 degrees it actually freezes so hard in the winter that people drive cars over it.

No. 1988, August 2, 1939] THE TATLER



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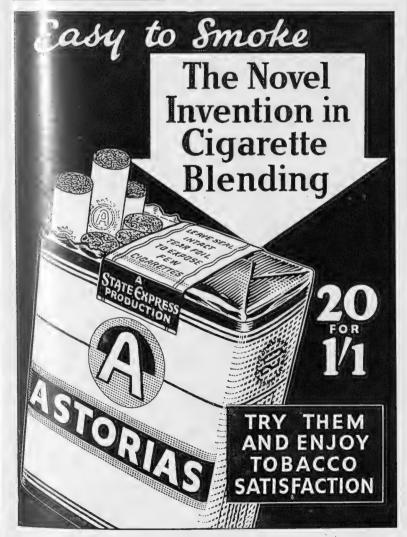
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Today.

Ar. R. M. K. Slater and Miss Barbara

Mr. R. M. K. States and another St. Nicholas's, Linton, and another wedding this week is that of Lieutenant-Commander N. Lanyon, R.N., and Miss Bridget Nixon. This

takes place at St. Peter's, Cattistock, on August 5.

Recent Engagements.
Mr. F. M. Beale,
Royal Artillery, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Beale, The Yews, Minchinhampton, and Daphne Esther, only daughter of Vicedaughter of Vice-Admiral F. T. B. Tower, C.B., and of Mrs. E. H. Tower, Memories, Ash, Canterbury. Lieutenant J. B. P. Stirling, R.N., son of the late

Mr. J. T. Houston, the Essex Regiment, eldest son of Mr. J. D. Houston, of Kilrea, Co. Derry, Ireland, and the late Mrs. Houston, and Lorna, daughter of Sir James Smith, C.I.E., I.C.S. (retired), and Lady Smith, of Eastbourne; Mr. H. P. T. Prideaux,

3rd Carabiniers, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prideaux, of Goldsmiths Hall, London, and Elderslie, Ockley, and Cynthia, elder daughter of Captain Henry Birch Reynardson, C.M.G., and Mrs. Birch Reynardson, of Adwell House, Tetsworth, Oxford; Mr. R. Whitney, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whitney, of Leominster, Massa-chusetts, and Nesta Isabel, only daughter of Mr. and Richmond Noble, of Lisnatore, Dun-



MISS ASTRA TALBOT BAINES

The elder daughter of the late Captain M. Talbot Baines, of Heronswood, Beckley, Sussex, and of Mrs. Talbot Baines, Holland Park, W., who is engaged to Mr. J. B. Currie, the younger son of Sir William and Lady Currie, of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury

murry, Co. Antrim, and Drax Hall, Jamaica; Mr. A. Rive, Permanent Delegation of Canada to the League of Nations, Permanent Delegation of Canada to the League of Nations, Geneva, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Rive, of Vancouver, B.C., and Harriet Hopkinson, Secretary, Geneva Office of the United States Department of Labor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkinson, of Manchester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.; Major L. A. Spencer, 19th Lancers, I.A., third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Spencer, and Sheila Mary, eldest daughter of Major-General and Mrs. H. A. Lewis; Captain G. W. W. Nicholson, R.A., only son of Major R. B. Nicholson, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Nicholson, only daughter of Colonel S. M. Cookson and Mrs. Cockson, of Burlton Lodge, Shropshire. Lieutenant E. F. S. 3ack, R.N., and Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Prentice, of Concepcion, Chile.



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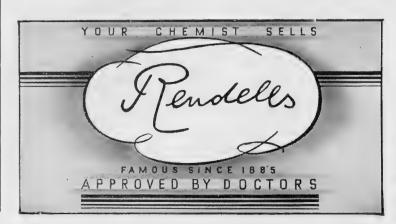
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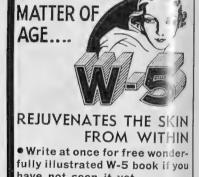
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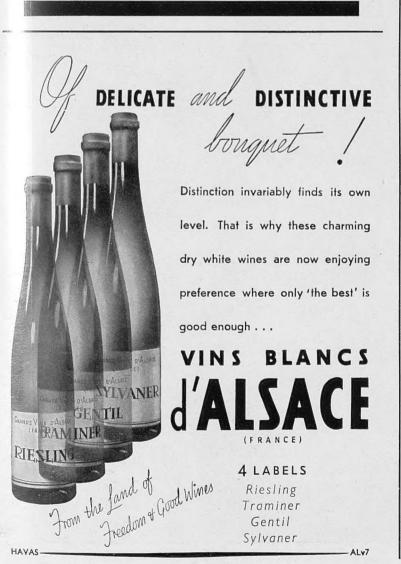
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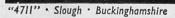
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